Saturday Review

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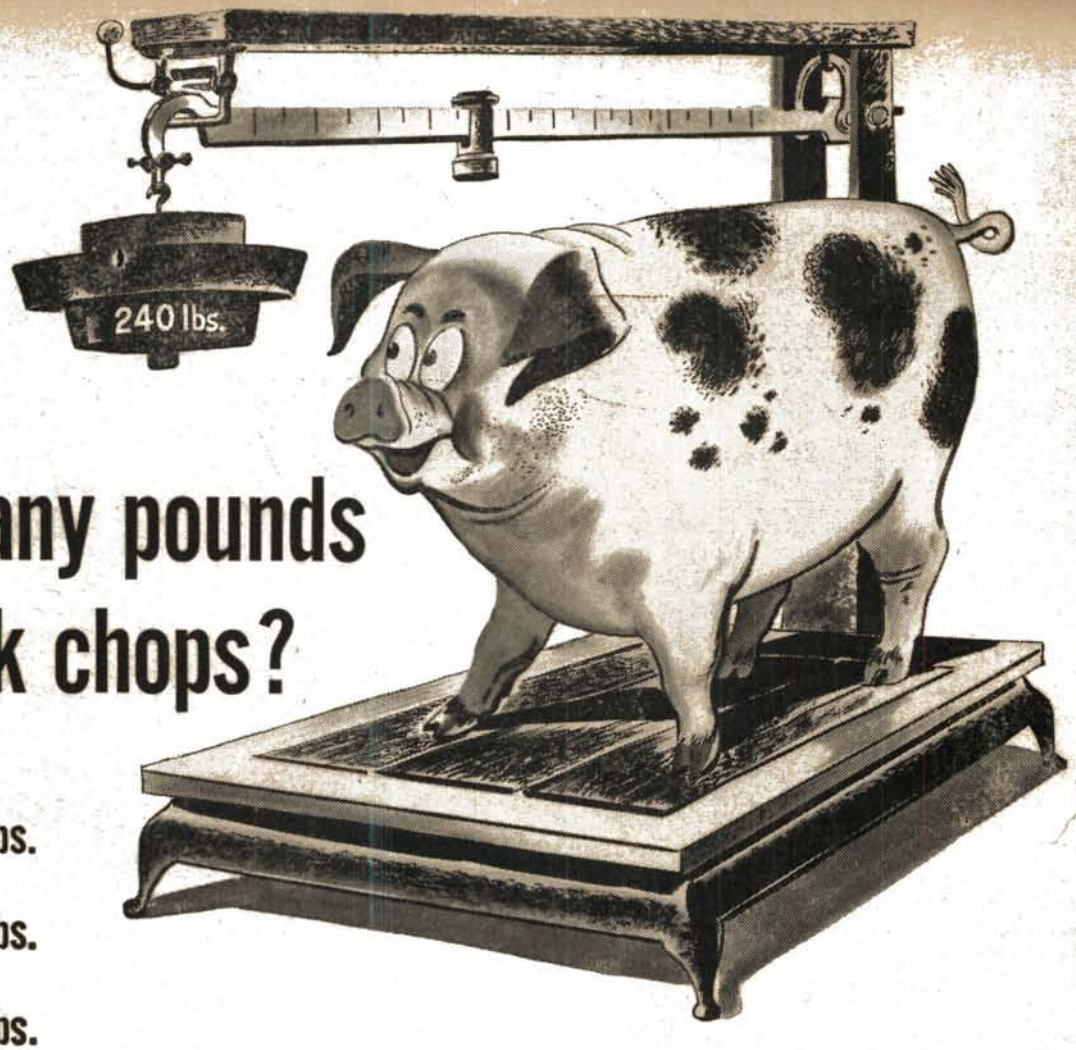

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☐ 50 lbs.

☐ 25 lbs.

☐ 10 lbs.

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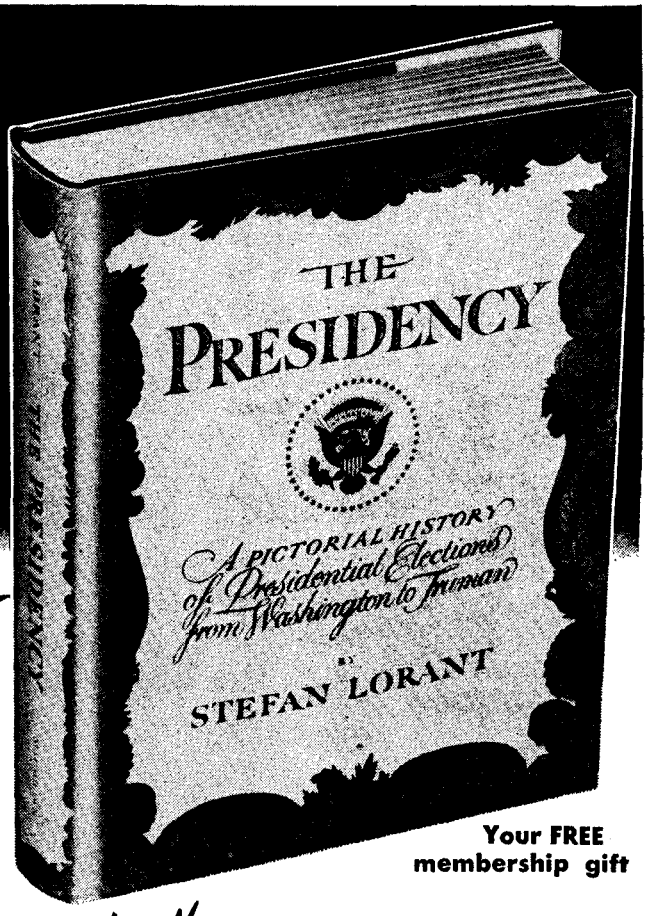

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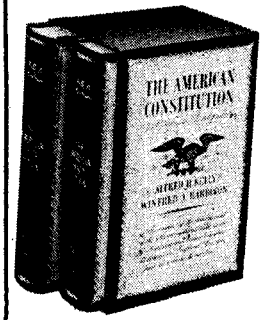

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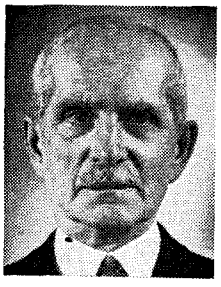

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The Saturday Review

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Good News

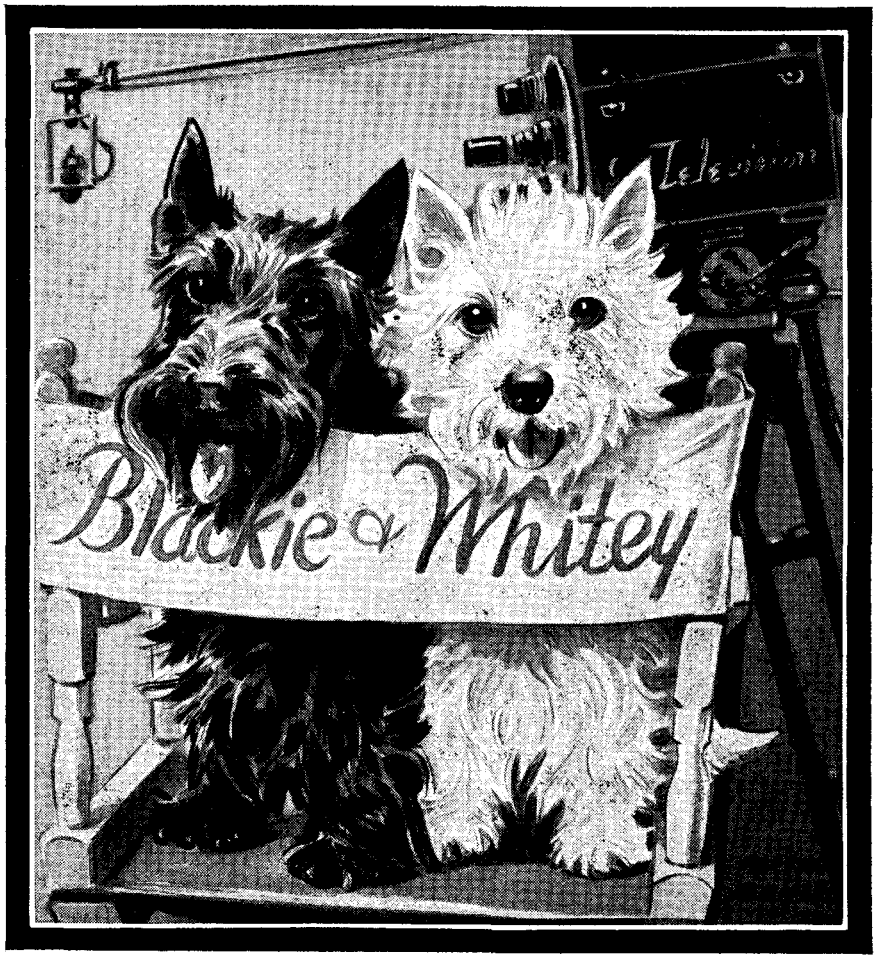
▶ In the scorched valleys of a river that never reaches the sea, American dam builders are helping the Government of Afghanistan reclaim an ancient gardenland. A huge irrigation project, begun six years ago, is nearing completion along the Helmland River and a tributary, in the barren rocky foothills of southern Afghanistan. To aid in settling pastoral families on the newly reclaimed land, a team of American agricultural experts will take part in joint development of the Helmland Valley. The project is sponsored by the Government of Afghanistan, the United Nations, and the U.S. Point Four technical assistance program.

▶ Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan and President Miguel Aleman announced simultaneously on September 1 that Mexico is free of foot-and-mouth disease. The announcement means that prohibitions against the importation of meats from Mexico are removed for the first time since December 1946.

▶ The Port of New York Authority recently announced that a "prosperous luncheonette" in the domestic terminal at LaGuardia Airport has been ordered closed to make way for a nursery. So many infants are traveling these days, the Authority spokesman said, that they must have service at all hours. "We are losing $18,000 on the proposition." The nursery, scheduled for January opening, will feature a machine for dispensing fresh diapers, and mothers will be permitted to use tables for changing and washing their babies, free of charge.

▶ More than 30,000 students from 126 countries are now attending American colleges and universities. Foreign students are enrolled in 1,354 institutions of higher learning in all of the forty-eight states. The largest number is from Asia and the Near East.

▶ An important new source of paper for a world desperately short of newsprint was opened recently in New Zealand's North Island. Technicians have started work on the eighty-two-million-dollar project which is designed to produce some sixty thousand tons of newsprint annually. . . . Botanists in California are seeking to relieve the critical world shortage of newsprint by breeding hybrid pine trees of a quick-growing variety which grow to three times the height of the native pine of the area over a similar period.



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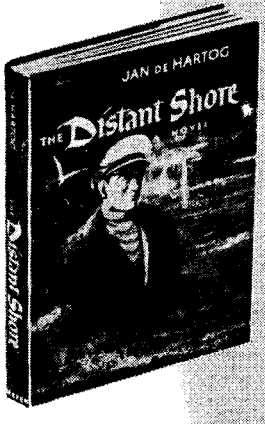

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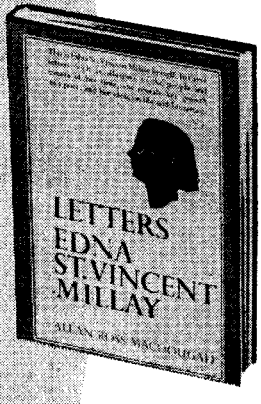
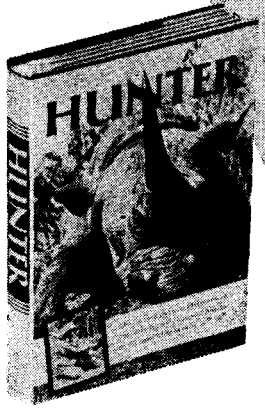


HUNTER



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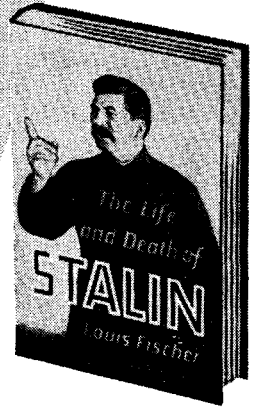

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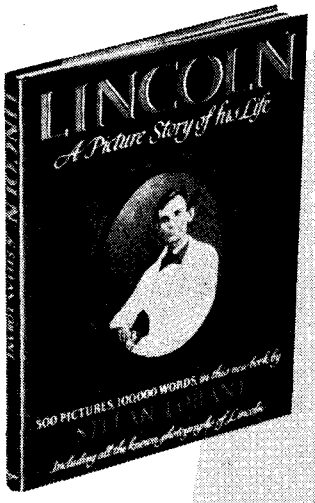

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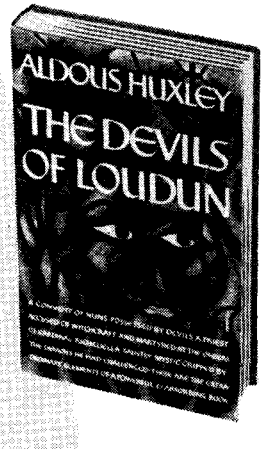

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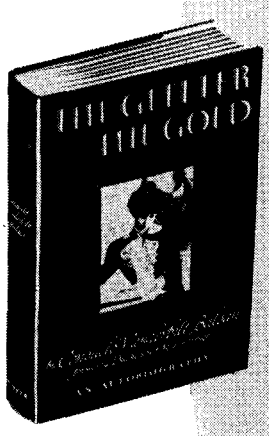

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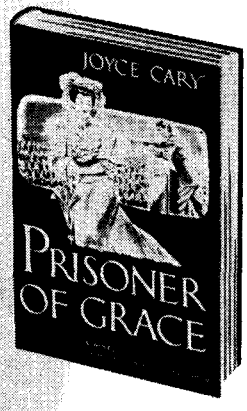

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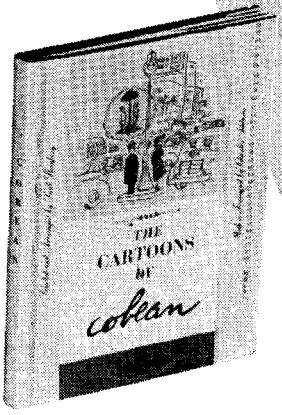

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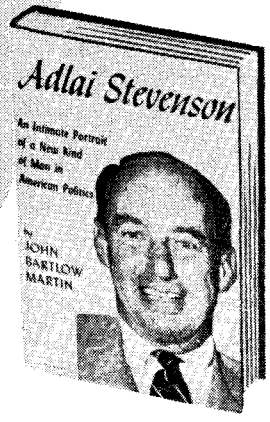

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TRADE Winds

THE MORNING THAT ANTHONY BUMP, the debonair midtown book publisher, returned to work from his modest eleven-week vacation ("Back to the salt mines" was the way he liked to put it), he confidently expected the usual pleasant routine of greeting his associates, swapping reminiscences of summer adventures and the latest stories, catching up on trade rumors, and making the first feeble and ineffectual pass at the pile of junk on his desk. Destiny this day, however, had other things in store for him. Mr. Bump scarcely had checked to see that his prized Marilyn Monroe calendar was still safely tacked to its moorings, patted his pretty secretary and receptionist, and made sure that the television set was properly tuned up for world series reception when an electrifying announcement flashed through the building. Cosmo Heineken was here in person to explain his plan for Revolutionizing the Publishing Industry!

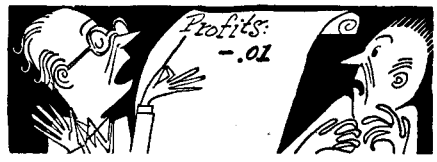
Nobody having Revolutionized the Publishing Industry for weeks on end, Cosmo Heineken's first heralding of his Plan was promptly hailed as the greatest boon since the invention of the wheel. Cosmo, it seemed, proposed to publish brand-new novels in paper-backed editions that would retail first at a quarter, then at a dime, and finally four for a penny. When the four-for-a-penny edition was completely ausgespielt, cooperating hard-bound publishers were to be permitted to deliver to deliriously grateful booksellers and librarians their own editions at five bucks a throw (printed from the same plates as the four-for-a-penny job)—a proposition so obviously overwhelming that seven hard-bound publishers had signed on the spot. And now Cosmo Heineken was come to enlist the support of Anthony Bump!

The good Mr. Bump, who had been forced to admit to himself that he was more than a little envious of the furore Cosmo Heineken had kicked up, greeted his visitor with some reservations, but there was no resisting Cosmo's disarming enthusiasm, boyish grin, and supreme confidence in himself and his ability to crush all opposition. Bump found himself thawing rapidly. "One thing is certain," he volunteered. "You're a bearcat at getting free publicity for yourself." "Oh, I wouldn't say that," deprecated Cosmo. "Why, when I graduated from public school, the *Times* only gave me two measly columns on the front page. And now it's six full weeks since I announced my Plan and *Publishers' Weekly* has only devoted three lead articles to it. True, the Authors' League, the Agents' League, the Motion Picture Alliance, the City Council, the SPCA, the St. Louis Browns, and the United Nations have staged dinners to hear me outline my ideas, but do you think one of them was full-dress? Nah!"

"There's one detail of the Heineken Plan that puzzles me slightly," interrupted Anthony Bump. "I note that you've stepped up your royalty rate, discount schedule, and manufacturing costs to a point where every twenty-five-cent book is going to cost you twenty-six cents. That doesn't leave a very big margin for overhead and profit, does it?"

"Who cares about overhead or profit?" laughed Cosmo Heineken. "Authors have been tyrannized by gouging publishers, heartless editors, and unimaginative typographers and jacket artists long enough. I read in Laura Hobson's column that poor Ernest Hemingway, for instance, got only something between $35,000 and $65,000 from *Life* for 'The Old Man and the Sea'—and here are you still riding around in Madison Avenue buses. I propose to loosen the authors' shackles." Cosmo gazed at Mr. Bump meaningfully. "In fact," he continued with a faintly menacing scowl, "if you're not prepared to cooperate with me, I may have to loosen the shackles of a few authors under contract to you."

"If you'll let me pick the authors to unshackle," proposed Bump happily, "I'll be eternally grateful to you. But what are you going to do about book clubs, and motion-picture and other subsidiary rights? Who is going to replace those so-called 'heartless' edi-



tors who, in some houses I know, have worked six months and longer to polish up a single manuscript? And what are your plans for advertising? How do you expect newspapers to continue book-review sections without any publishers' advertising?"

"I haven't worked out such petty details as yet," admitted Cosmo Heine-

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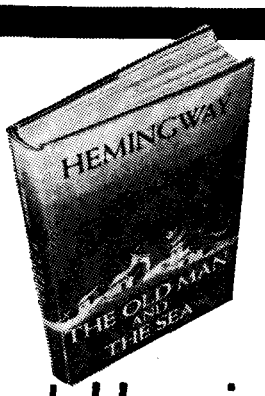

Ernest Hemingway

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES, ***RANDOM HOUSE,*** *N. Y.*

ken airily. "And there's one more thing. Some of you old-line publishers think I'm out to hog everything. That's not the case at all. I'm interested exclusively in best sellers. I'm making it clear to every agent and author that I'm leaving every book of poetry, essays, colored art work, and biographies over 900 pages long entirely to you."

Anthony Bump was still marveling at Cosmo's generosity when the buzzer on his desk sounded. "There's a lady outside who has to see you right away," said his secretary. "She says she's from the Community Fund for Feeding Starving People."

"Tell her she's just a wee bit early," answered Mr. Bump with a baleful glance at Cosmo Heineken. "I don't think I'll need her until about two weeks from next Thursday."

LIKE PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY ELSE in the publishing orbit, this correspondent spent part of his leisure time this summer thrilling to Hemingway's magnificent new story (Ed Scott, of the *Havana Post,* summed up the general feeling when he commented, "Ernest has won back the championship by a knockout in the first round") and piling through John Steinbeck's engrossing "East of Eden." But there were other, less publicized books that captured my interest, too, and in this and TRADE WINDS to come I mean to talk about them. One was Alan Villiers's "Monsoon Seas," a tale of journeys among the islands and backwaters of the Indian Ocean—hitherto uncharted territory for armchair adventurers.

One legend demolished by Villiers for good and all concerns the notorious "Pirate King," Captain Kidd. Far from being really big-time stuff, Captain Kidd, insists Villiers, made off with only one rich prize in his whole evil career—the barque *Quedah Merchant,* bound West across the Indian Ocean, loaded with treasure from the Far East. Even this accomplishment availed him little, for his undisciplined crew promptly fell to quarreling over the spoils. Kidd eventually turned up in New York, all but broke, and was immediately arrested and hustled back to England. There he was hung on May 23, 1701, so flabby and fat that the rope broke twice under his weight,

necessitating his being strung up three times. Apparently fortune hunters who still form occasional expeditions to unearth Captain Kidd's "lost treasures" would have a better chance of

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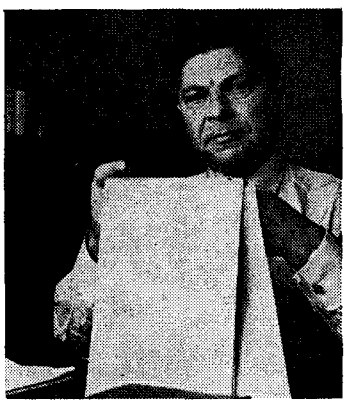
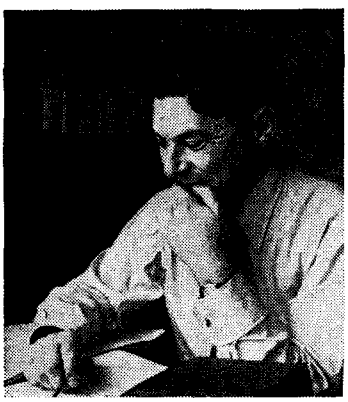
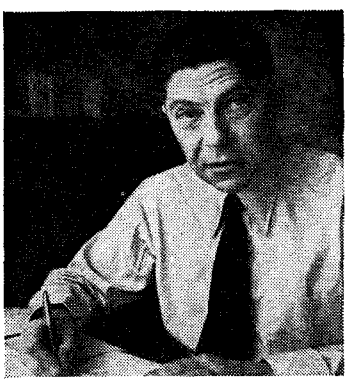
"Why am I writing this autobiography?"



"..the source of all literature: the desire to share one's experiences with others, and by means of this intimate communication to transcend the isolation of the self."

"When one re-reads the entries in one's diary after five years, one is surprised to find that the most significant events are all strangely under-emphasized. Thus the selection of relevant material is a highly problematical affair, and the crux of all autobiography."





"I have no idea whether fifty years from now anybody will want to read a book of mine, but I have a fairly precise idea what makes me, as a writer tick. It is the wish to trade a hundred contemporary readers against ten readers in ten years' time and one reader in a hundred years' time."

PHOTOS BY ERICH HARTMANN

Here is the first volume of an autobiography which covers 26 tempestuous years of an extraordinary life. Here is faithfully recorded the growth of a political and social philosophy from experiences as a precocious lonely child, as an undergraduate member of a duelling fraternity, as a worker on a communal farm in Palestine, as a lemonade vendor in the streets of Haifa, as a correspondent in the Middle East, Paris and Berlin, as a reporter on the Graf Zeppelin's North Pole expedition, as a neophyte in the C.P.

ARROW in the BLUE

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

$5.00 at all booksto...

The Macmillan Company

copping a jackpot on a carnival slot machine!

THIS BEING MY FIRST YEAR as a home owner in the country, and finding it reasonably difficult to tell an oak tree from a willow, I was delighted with Robert Lemmon's "The Best Loved Trees of America." Here are a few highlights from his tree-tise:

The white oak is the best hammock support; its branches will never let you down.

If you want to grow your own chewing gum, plant a sweet gum; to make your own pencils, get a red cedar.

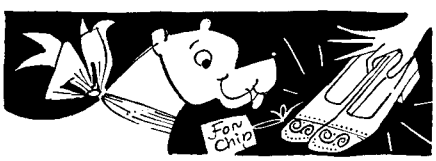
If you want to carve your initials, find a linden; if your kids lack ammunition for target practice, buy them a horse-chestnut tree.

If you hope to sleep in the autumn, don't build your house under a black walnut; if the tree with "the maximum number of oddities" appeals to you, get yourself a sassafras.

Want to grow your own magnolias? Invest in a bull bay tree, and ignore the protests of the Southern novelists.

And if you live in an apartment and want a tree to grow indoors, believe it or not, a redwood is your best bet—but be sure to pick a young one and transfer it outside while your ceiling is still intact!

ANOTHER BOOK THAT ARRIVED just in time to preserve a semblance of order in our Mt. Kisco domain was Blanche Saunders's "Training You to Train



Your Dog," with copious and illuminating illustrations. Some five months ago my esteemed partner, Bob Haas, presented my kids with a handsome Boxer puppy named "Chip," and we began training him immediately. As a result, one need only call "Here, Chip" to see him turn tail and head for Katonah. At the command "Down, Chip" he obediently jumps on top of you, streaking mud on your clean shirt and tearing a gash in your pants with his nails. His diet is varied. Sunday, for instance, he consumed four cushions, a pair of lace curtains, my bathing trunks, and an advance copy of "The Girls from Esquire." When I was unreasonable enough to protest my kids glared as me as though I was Simon Legree and my wife waggled a finger under my nose, demanding, "Were *you* housebroken when you were six months old?"

I was so conscience-stricken I voluntarily gave Chip a pair of bedroom slippers that had just been delivered

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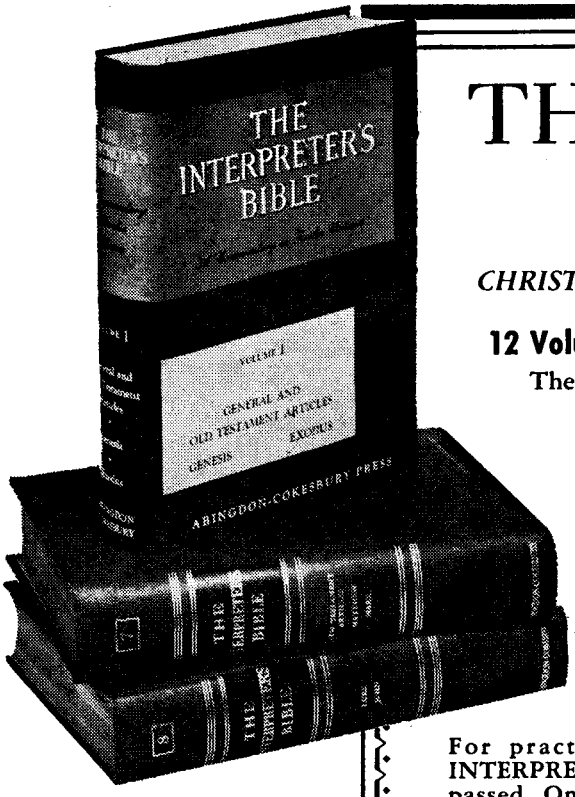

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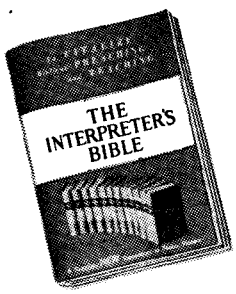

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The hammock is stored, the armchair comes into its own again, garnished with books of somewhat more substantial weight. The voice of the critic is heard on the hearth, and the critics this Fall are in excellent form, to judge by this sampling.

SAM CLEMENS of HANNIBAL

BY DIXON WECTER "As a work of art, as the story of a boy growing up on the American heartland during the 1820's, *Sam Clemens of Hannibal* is absorbing in itself, quite apart from its bearing on literary history. But since the boy became a great artist and wrote some of our greatest books, it is a fundamental literary study. It is the necessary, the impatiently awaited biography which we have so far had to do without".

$4.00 — *Bernard DeVoto, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

THE SKIN

BY CURZIO MALAPARTE "It is almost impossible to make out whether he really expects us to believe all the stories he tells. They are narrated with such extravagance of detail, imagery and allusion that they make irresistible reading — that is, even when one is tempted to be sick one goes on reading. Such is his power as a writer that even his most disgusting passages command attention and refer the mind to larger realities which, for the time being persuade the imagination of their validity".

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F A L L B O O K I S S U E

The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 4, 1952

English for the World!

W. L. WERNER

WINSTON CHURCHILL tells the story in his history of World War II. There was an important conference on strategy, with British and American top brass around the table. The British wanted "to table" a proposal; the Americans protested vehemently against doing that. Finally as their arguments continued, it began to dawn on them that both sides wanted the same thing. In British speech "to table" is to put a topic on the table for action; in American "to table" is to postpone or bury it.

When such arguments develop between two nations that speak almost the same language, what delays and misunderstandings are bound to occur among the Big Four who speak three languages or in NATO or in the sixty United Nations—not to mention the un-united ones! A single language will certainly not end quarrels, as any judge knows, but it will certainly reduce misunderstandings.

The problem of multiple languages is increasingly important. There was a time when a knowledge of Latin was useful all over the civilized Rome-centered world. Later French became the one language of diplomacy and was so used at the Congress of Vienna in 1814. But at Versailles in 1919 two languages were used, French and English, and at the peace conference of 1946 Russian was added as a third tongue. Now the United Nations has five official languages — Chinese, French, English, Russian, and Spanish, with French and English as "the working languages" and Spanish a third working language of the Assembly. This is the problem in the high ranks of diplomacy. Farther down the line language problems are less important but equally distressing.

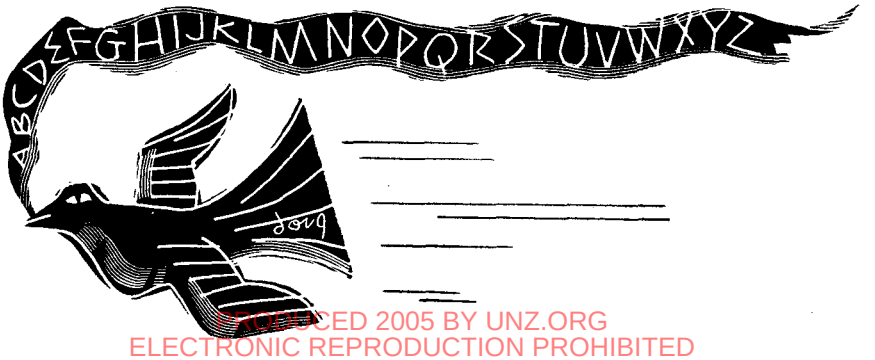
For years there have been proposals to formulate an artificial language with vocabularies from several existing languages and with simple rules of grammar and phonetic spelling. These experiments have proceeded slowly, and Otto Jespersen ("Interlinguistics," 1931) said that only six of these were "accepted by more than a handful of people." These are Esperanto, Ido, Nov-Esperanto, Interlingua, Occidental, and Jespersen's own Novial (1928).

Let us look briefly at the most successful of these, Esperanto, which the German-American Hugo Muensterberg called "essentially a mutilation of Spanish and French." On August 6, 1950, the thirty-fifth annual conference of the Esperantists met in Paris with 2,500 delegates present from thirty-four countries. George A. Connor, secretary of the North American Esperanto Association, said these delegates represented one and a half million who speak and use it daily, of which number less than 5,000 are in the United States.

Since the population of the world in 1950 was a little over two and a quarter billion people, the daily users of Esperanto number about .0007 of the total. In these civilized and influential United States the ratio would be one in 30,000. As Dr. Albert Baugh says, "A language is important because the people who speak it are important," but the leaders in world politics do not speak Esperanto. Furthermore, the British scholar C. K. Ogden cites the dependence of that language on inflections along with some fifty prefixes and suffixes, all new and puzzling to the non-European world.

SOMEWHAT different from the invented or artificial languages is Interlingua, the proposal of the International Auxiliary Language Association (IALA). Started by Mr. and Mrs. Dave Hennen Morris in 1924, it aims to find "international words"—those used frequently in at least several important languages. Many of these are scientific words from Greek or Latin roots; some are national words that conquered the world.

Its leaders have been such persons as Frederick G. Cottrell, Dean E. B. Babcock, John Finley, Stephen Duggan, and Paul Monroe. Among its researchers and collaborators are Otto Jespersen, Edward Sapir, Herbert N. Shenton, Helen S. Eaton, and E. L. Thorndike. Its two basic books are the "Interlingua Eng-



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lish Dictionary, edited by Dr. Alexander Gode in 1951, which contains 27,000 English words well known internationally, and "Interlingua Grammar" ("no gender, no declension, no change in stem of verbs, no personal inflection").

So far IALA's work has been chiefly research on an international level and its converts have been scholars. Like most of the artificial languages, it does not yet have translations from classics in other languages nor new authors of its own to help spread its appeal, as Tolstoy's fables taught the peasants to read. None of the present auxiliary languages is internationally popular.

That leads to a second consideration: which existing language would serve the world best? Who speaks what now? All the authorities give somewhat different estimates but the general picture is the same:

Chinese ..450,000,000 (many dialects)
Indic .....325,000,000 (many dialects)
English ...225,000,000
Russian ..180,000,000 (many dialects)

Then in declining order from 110,000,000 to 50,000,000 come Spanish, German, Indonesian, Japanese, Sudanic, French, Portuguese, Arabic, and Italian.

Chinese for world use is out of the question; it is divided among various dialects, and its written language consists of many thousands of ideographs that Chinese scholars are now trying to reduce to a mere one thousand. The largest of the Indian dialects, Hindustani, is used by only 140,000,000, ranking below English and Russian.

The 225,000,000 estimate for English seems conservative; in the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, and the United States the population is about 220,000,000, most of whom are literate. The British Commonwealth includes over one-fourth of the population of the world, whose official and commercial language is English. The ambitious native politicians, the enterprising native traders, civil and uncivil servants learn English. Hindi is on its way up to be the official language of India, but today Premier Nehru speaks English to his all-Indian Congress so that they may understand him. In the first great national election of the Republic of India, the posters read "Vote Sucheta" and "Ladder Is the Symbol of Progress. Vote for Marain." In the official Government year book of the Union of South Africa (1939) it is reported that "in urban areas 53 per cent of the European population speaks English in their homes as opposed to 41 per cent speaking Afrikaans, while in rural areas the English speaking element is only 15 per cent."

WITH only such scattered reports, estimates seem difficult or impossible for the British Commonwealth. One source says that one-eighth of the population of "the colonies" speaks English. Linguist Mario Pei calls "English by far the most widespread of the world's colonial languages, since it affects some 520,000,000 people of colonial or semi-colonial status." Another expert says the English-speaking population of the world is over a billion—which would be almost half the earth's population—counting 260,000,000 in native British countries and the United States, 350,000,000 in the colonies, and 445,000,000 elsewhere.

The word "elsewhere" leads to another carrier of English in this century, the American Expeditionary Forces in World Wars I and II, in the Korean police action, and in occupied countries. More than 2,000,000 American troops were abroad in the First World War, and about 8,200,000 in the Second. Figures are obscure for Korea, but with that action now longer than our participation in World War I and with additional troops in Europe, an estimate of another 2,000,000 might not be too high. Thus, more than 12,000,000 uniformed Americans have not only been abroad, often in foreign language countries, but have stayed there for considerable periods, if not forever. And to this figure should be added the considerable numbers of British troops who also carried English abroad in these wars.

Scholarly publications promulgate English at a higher level. With the universities of Europe lacking in researchers and students and publishing facilities in both wars and their aftermaths, American publications have been elevated in importance far beyond their peacetime status. For example, the American Institute of Medicine in its international digest covers more than 300 periodicals in fourteen languages—and it is published of course, in English. The *Engineering Index* of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers covers 1,400 periodicals in sixteen languages. *Social Science Abstracts Service* is examining over 3,000 periodicals in more than twenty different languages. "The findings," says sociologist Herbert Shenton, "are available only in English, and there is no parallel in any other natural language." Much scientific terminology, of course, is already internationalized by votes of scientific associations, and would continue regardless of what general world language might develop.

A fourth important, though recent, carrier of English are motion pictures. Bosley Crowther, of *The New York Times,* reported in 1947 that 80 per cent of the pictures being shown in England came from Hollywood, and while, of course, they did not introduce English to the British, other countries probably had similar percentages. Today after years of growth the number of annual admissions to American movies in foreign countries is almost equal to the number in America. Our peak attendance here, according to Arthur Loew, head of Loew's International Corporation, was eighty-five million in 1946, but it has dropped to fifty-five million now while the foreign admissions have risen to over fifty million. Forty-four cents of every dollar made in American movies is earned abroad, says Mr. Loew. For

W. L. Werner is professor of American literature at Pennsylvania State College.

Simile

By Sjanna Solum

THIS small brown bird that beats against the pane
of glass, bewildered, in belated search
of refuge from opacity of rain
and fog, seeks comfort of a sheltered perch.
We open wide the casement, welcoming
the feathered visitant with warmth and light
but, frightened, it retreats on pulsing wing
and disappears into the realm of night.

May it be granted that the nearby wood
provide it haven in some wide-armed tree . . .
Compassion binds us closer, since it could
as easily, assuredly, be we
who, plunging through opaqueness, seek release
from fear and frangibility of peace.

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every eleven persons here, ten persons elsewhere in the world are singing "I'll See You in My Dreams," humming the "Lullaby of Broadway," and saying "OK."

To all these major disseminators of English, add our annual tourists, our Fulbright scholars and other students, our globe-trotting Congressmen. Add the efforts of UNESCO, large but not yet fully reported. Add the international festivals, pen pals, and library loans. Add the British Penguin Books and similar paperbound works that have replaced the Tauschnitz volumes of the nineteenth century. Add, too, the radio, because over 800 of the world's 1,400 radio stations use English alone.

So much for the condition of English in foreign countries today. What efforts are being made to hasten this spread? And why?

If we need some immediate spur or some excuse for devoting effort to this cause, we can find it in the Soviet Union. As part of its creeping aggression, Russia is using language to unify the captive bordering nations on the west and the allied Chinese to the east. More and more it is forcing the use of Russian on Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Eastern Germany. Of all the usable languages of the world, Russian is our closest competitor, our only close competitor. If our lives are to be lived in a succession of crises, here is a timely cause—a battle against dictatorship not with guns and bombs, but with a tough yet flexible, beautiful but strong, enduring, and powerful weapon, the English language.

THREE sets of people are making this fight to extend the use of English in the world. One group advocates Basic English, a simplification that consists of reducing our vocabulary from 600,000 words to a mere 850 simple common words. In 1920 two British scholars, C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards, were working on a study called "The Meaning of Meaning." Ogden had earlier concerned himself with simplifying the language, and in the course of writing this book they evolved Basic English. The first book on it appeared in 1929. Interest soon developed in England and abroad, and the Rockefeller Foundation and the Payne Fund contributed money. An Orthological Institute to spread these ideas was founded in Cambridge, England, and one in Peking, China (1936). In the USSR at least 150,000 schoolbooks in Basic were being circulated by 1936.

What are these 850 words? Six hundred are names of things (nouns), 150 are "qualities" or adjectives, and the remaining 100 are "operations," meaning verbs, prepositions, conjunctions, adverbs of time and place, etc. The magic of this new economy is the verb—only eighteen verbs to express everything; they are—*come, get, give, go, keep, let, make, put, seem, take, be, do, have, say, see, send, may,* and *will.*

For writing on special fields like science, Basic uses an additional list of 100 general scientific terms (*agent, arc, area, axis,* etc.) and often another list of fifty words peculiar to the individual science treated. Similar supplementary lists exist for art, economics, religion, etc., with the top margin still within 1,000 words. Basic has two main aims: to introduce foreigners to our language and lead them into general English, and to serve as a minimum secondary world language.

The second path toward world English is the invention of one man, Frank Laubach of Benton, Pa. Starting as a missionary in the Philippines in 1915, he formulated a simple phonetic alphabet for the rebellious Moros and gave them literacy, friendship, and Christianity in one package. Everybody, however stupid, was praised, and every successful pupil agreed to teach another person. The "each one teach one" gospel with simple phonetic charts spread to many countries. *The New Yorker* credited Dr. Laubach with fifteen million literates gained.

But the courageous doctor balked at trying to teach English this way. The obstacle was "our crazy spelling." "If we spelled English phonetically,"

(Continued on page 46)

La Rochefoucauld, Country Editor Version

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Out of the pungent writings of small-town editors, John M. Henry has compiled, and Vanguard has Published, a book called "A Little Treasury of Main Street, U.S.A.," excerpts from which are given below.*

I thought I was familiar with all the reasons why people want to subscribe to *The Courier,* but a new one popped up the other day. A man from out Dover way came in and paid his two dollars, saying: "Some of my kinfolks died and I didn't know anything about it until a neighbor read it in the paper."

A. P. COOKE,
Courier, Plant City, Florida.

Whenever I begin taking myself too seriously over something I am writing for our newspaper, it brings me down a couple of notches to realize that the eggshells from your breakfast tomorrow are apt to be scraped right into my pretty words!

JUSTIN HAMMOND,
Independent, Corona, California.

Birth notes in a small-town newspaper cause a good deal of phoning around, unless the editor explains who the mother was before her marriage. The folks want to know that.

OPAL HOLLOMON MELTON,
Cooper County Record, Boonville, Missouri.

The radio will never supplant the newspaper. You can't fold up a wave length and sit down with it beneath you on the grass.

CAREY WILLIAMS,
Herald-Journal, Greenboro, Georgia.

If you have frequent headaches, dizziness and fainting spells, lame back accompanied by chills, cramps, bunions, jaundice, chilblains, or epileptic fits, it's a sign you are not well and liable to die any minute. So hasten to the *Tribune* and pay your subscription a year in advance and make yourself solid for a good obituary notice.

MARK NELSON,
Tribune, Fountain Inn, South Carolina.

In big cities you may be classified by some columnist as café society. But in a small town you are merely the town drunk.

BERTHA SHORE,
Gazette, Augusta, Kansas.

As for the Editor, he refuses to be pushed around by the press agents for these numerous "weeks" or regimented or told to do even the things he wants to do or was going to do anyway. The Editor can't remember what this week is, or what he's supposed to be doing, but whatever it is, he isn't going to do it.

PAUL F. WATKINS,
Herald-Progress, Ashland, Virginia.

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Life on an Expense Account

YOU wouldn't need to get any salary at all if everything you might need or want—housing, transportation, entertainment, for yourself and your family and guests unlimited—were provided for you without charge. Some approximation of this enviable state is apparent in the lives of many company executives. They get about by company car, when needed, or company-bought railroad accommodations, or company plane; and if the plane takes them and their guests to the Kentucky Derby or a Rose Bowl game, why that's all right too: that's "making contacts." They hold prolonged business conferences at delightful resorts, with golf or bathing for relaxation, and of course the company pays for everything. They may enjoy holidays at a company camp, or play golf at a company country club. If they want to throw a cocktail party at a fashionable hotel for a couple of hundred people, the company foots the bill for that, too: that, too, is making contacts. The proprietor of a big New York hotel described to me during World War II the lavish parties—shocking, for wartime, in their extravagance—that were thrown in his ample rooms; and I asked him whether they were paid for by individuals or by companies. "Oh, all of them by companies," he said. In the May 1950 issue of *Flair,* John O'Hara, describing what he aptly called "the new expense-account society," spoke of the difficulty that ordinary visitors to New York had in getting tickets to "South Pacific" except at preposterous prices, and he added, "There are customers at $100 a pair, and the customers are the big corporations . . . The big corporation has first claim on everything,. from restaurant tables to Pullman reservations home."

Even somewhat smaller fry can do very well on expense accounts. In the restaurant life of midtown New York, where there is a heavy trade in the prestige that goes with eating and drinking in the immediate neighborhood of movie actresses, advertising big-shots, senators, gossip columnists, successful authors, publishers, ex-champion athletes, and television comedians, there is a wide circle of men and women, some of them on modest salaries, who lunch day after day, and dine often, on expense accounts. Sometimes they are dazzling out-of-town clients; sometimes they are just taking one another to lunch. In either case the company pays. I asked the proprietors of two of the most exalted of these restaurants what proportion of their guests, from day to day, were eating and drinking on expense accounts. One said nearly half at lunch, and also for dinner in his most favored room; fewer for dinner elsewhere in the establishment. The other said three-quarters of the guests at lunch, fewer for dinner, very few late in the evening; but he guessed that at a night spot with entertainment the ratio would again be high. It is quite possible that a good many clients and prospects are really snared by such entertaining; but in any case the theory that this is how clients and prospects are snared makes for delightfully lavish living on the part of both hosts and guests for at least part of the twenty-four hours, at no cost to themselves.

—From "The Big Change," by Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper).

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Groups à la Mode

THERE are fashions in children, just as there are fashions in necklines and hats. The child who is currently at the height of the mode is the child who can get along well with the group. The parents who suffer the most anxiety—sometimes, I think unnecessarily—are the parents whose child elects to stay on the sidelines. Because it is considered so extremely desirable to have a child who gets along with the group, a great many American children are sent to nursery school at the age of two-and-a-half or three. To be sure, the nursery school is a necessity for "working"

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mothers and for families who live in cramped quarters. But it has a position of its own, quite apart from necessity, and that position is based on the fact that it is the first of the organizations which teaches the child the all-important knack of adjusting to the group.

I am disposed to be a little skeptical of this enthusiasm for the group just because it is a group. The group with which I worked at the Stage Door Canteen during the war had a goal which could be respected and it achieved that goal, in spite of various difficulties in the way. But none of the people in it had been intensively trained—as children nowadays are intensively trained—to get along with the group. There are, after all, a great many crucial areas of life where group training is completely irrelevant. In death and birth and bereavement—in eating, illness, and elimination—and in that celebrated protoplasmic activity where three is a crowd—it is not of the slightest consequence to be able to get along with the group.

And as far as the group itself is concerned, a chain cannot be any stronger than its weakest link. The important thing about a group is not to be able to get along with it, but to have something, however modest, to contribute to it. My daughter's parents are not actually opposed to her getting along with the group, but we do think she ought to have learned, by the time she has grown up, to ask some sensible questions about any given group—such as, What kind of group is it? What is it doing? What holds it together? What is the caliber of the single human beings who make it up? If a group is only a collection of frightened people, desperately holding hands in an anguish of confusion—a description which fits a good many American groups, formal and informal—that group is certainly entitled to mercy and compassion, but one scarcely need go to a great deal of trouble to get along with it.

—From "The Folks at Home," by Margaret Halsey (Simon & Schuster).

—From "There Are Ladies Present," by Helen E. Hokinson (Dutton).

"A baby right here on Fifth Avenue. Isn't this an amazing city?"

Civilization Comes West

A NEW country seems to follow a pattern. First come the openers, strong and brave and rather childlike. They can take care of themselves in a wilderness, but they are naïve and helpless against men, and perhaps that is why they went out in the first place. When the rough edges are worn off the new land, businessmen and lawyers come in to help with the development—to solve problems of ownership, usually by removing the temptations to themselves. And finally comes culture, which is entertainment, relaxation, transport out of the pain of living. And culture can be on any level, and is.

The church and the whorehouse arrived in the Far West simultaneously. And each would have been horrified to think it was a different facet of the same thing: the singing, the devotion, the poetry of the churches took a man out of his bleakness for a time, and so did the brothels. The sectarian churches came in swinging, cocky and loud and confident. Ignoring the laws of debt and repayment, they built churches which couldn't be paid for in a hundred years. The sects fought evil, true enough, but they also fought each other with a fine lustiness. They fought at the turn of a doctrine. Each happily believed all the others were bound for hell in a basket. And each for all its bumptiousness brought with it the same thing: the Scripture on which our ethics, our art and poetry, and our relationships are built. It took a smart man to know where the difference lay between the sects, but anyone could see what they had in common. And they brought music—maybe not the best, but the form and sense of it. And they brought conscience, or, rather, nudged the dozing conscience. They were not pure, but they had a potential of purity, like a soiled white shirt. And any man could make something pretty fine of it within himself. True enough, the Reverend Billing, when they caught up with him, turned out to be a thief, an adulterer, a libertine, and a zoophilist, but that didn't change the fact that he had communicated some good things to a great number of receptive people. Billing went to jail, but no one ever arrested the good things he had released. And it doesn't matter much that his motive was impure. He used good material and some of it stuck. I use Billing only as an outrageous example. The honest preachers had energy and go. They fought the devil, no holds barred, boots and eye-gouging permitted. You might get the idea that they howled truth and beauty the way a seal bites out the National Anthem on a row of circus horns. But some of the truth and beauty remained, and the anthem was recognizable. The sects did more than this, though. They built the structure of social life in the Salinas Valley. The church supper is the grandfather of the country club, just as the Thursday poetry reading in the basement under the vestry sired the little theatre.

While the churches bringing the sweet smell of piety for the soul, came in prancing and farting like brewery horses in bock-beer time, the sister evangelism, with release and joy for the body, crept in silently and grayly, with its head bowed and its face covered.

You may have seen the spangled

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RAILROADIN' IN THE 1800's

—*From "Hear The Train Blow" (Dutton).*

"Travel aboard the 'Zulu' cars possessed a community of interest not shared on the luxury cars."

The publisher of *Leslie's* with a staff of artists, photographers, and literary ladies and gentlemen, toured the U.S. in deluxe style.

Despite detectives, trains swarmed with plausible strangers, diamonds in their shirtfronts, willing to engage in a friendly game of euchre.

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palaces of sin and fancy dancing in the false West of the movies, and maybe some of them existed—but not in the Salinas Valley. The brothels were quiet, orderly, and circumspect. Indeed, if after hearing all the ecstatic shrieks of climatic conversion against the thumping beat of the melodeon you stood under the window of a whorehouse and listened to the low decorous voices, you would have been likely to confuse the identities of the two ministries. The brothel was accepted while it was not admitted.

—From "East of Eden," by John Steinbeck (Viking).

Plague of Innocence

THE [Italian] people had immediately loved these magnificent soldiers—so young, so handsome, so well groomed—whose teeth were so white and whose lips were so red. In all those centuries of invasions, of wars won and lost, Europe had never seen such elegant, clean, courteous soldiers. Always they were newly shaven; their uniforms were impeccable; their ties were tied with meticulous care; their shirts were always spotless; their shoes were eternally new and shining; they had never a tear in their trousers or at their elbows, never a button missing. Such were these wonderful armies, born, like Venus, of the sea foam. They contained not a soldier who had a boil, a decayed tooth, even a pimple on his face. Never had Europe seen soldiers who were so free from infection, without the smallest microbe either in the folds of their skin or in the recesses of their consciences. And what hands they had—white, well looked after, always protected by immaculate shammy-leather gloves! But what touched the people of Naples most of all was the kindliness of their liberators, especially the Americans: their urbane nonchalance, their humanity, their innocence, cordial smiles—the smiles of honest, goodhearted, ingenuous, overgrown boys. If ever it was an honor to lose a war, it was certainly a great honor for the people of Naples, and for all the other conquered peoples of Europe, to have lost this one to soldiers who were so courteous, elegant, neatly dressed, so goodhearted and generous.

And yet everything that these magnificent soldiers touched was at once corrupted. No sooner did the luckless inhabitants of the liberated countries grasp the hands of the liberators than they began to fester and to stink. It was enough that an Allied soldier should lean out of his jeep to smile at a woman, to give her face a fleeting caress, and the same woman, who until that moment had preserved her dignity and purity, would change into a prostitute. It was enough that a child should put into its mouth a caramel offered to it by an American soldier, and its innocent soul would be corrupted.

The liberators themselves were terrified and deeply affected by this dire scourge. "It is human to feel compassion for the afflicted," writes Boccaccio in his introduction to the "Decameron," with reference to the terrible plague which swept Florence in 1348. But the Allied soldiers, especially the Americans, faced with the pitiable spectacle of the plague of Naples, did not only feel compassion for the unhappy people of that city: they felt compassion for themselves as well. The reason was that for some time past the suspicion had been growing in their ingenuous and honest minds that the source of the terrible contagion was in their frank, timid smiles, in their eyes, so full of human sympathy, in their affectionate caresses. The source of the plague was in their compassion, in their very desire to help these unfortunate people, to alleviate their miseries, to succor them in the tremendous disaster that had overtaken them.

The source of the disease was in the very hand which they stretched out in brotherhood to this conquered people.

Perhaps it was written that the freedom of Europe must be born not of liberation, but of the plague. Perhaps it was written that, just as liberation had been born of the sufferings of war and slavery, so freedom must be born of the new and terrible sufferings caused by the plague which liberation had brought with it. The price of freedom is high—far higher than that of slavery.

And it is not paid in gold, nor in blood, nor in the most noble sacrifices, but in cowardice, in prostitution, in treachery, and in everything that is rotten in the human soul.

—From "The Skin," by Curzio Malaparte (Houghton Mifflin).

—From "From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf."

Mahatma Dante
Author of "The Divine Comedy"

The Warp & the Wolf

WILLIAM Jennings Byron, author of "Thanatopsis," is considered "the playboy of the Western world." At school he became known as the Wolf, served on the tennis team, and gambled on the green with Bella Donna, an Italian lady of English distraction. Finally he married his first cousin, and the belles of London peeled forth. After that first fine careless rupture, however, the Byrons moved from Bond Street to Tobacco Road, where Lord Byron lived amid all the unadulterated lust practicable in a private household. On the morning after the appearance of "English Birds and Scotch Retrievers," he awoke to find himself, but was disappointed. Later he was exiled to Don Juan, whence he finally escaped to Greece. In Athens he visited Palace Athena, the Pantheon, and the Apocalypse, and there, amid the throws of a wild and wolfy love affair, he was inspired to compose "Childe Harold to the Dark Tower Came." After numerous touching scenes he died in the Battle of Marathon. Psychiatrists now believe that Byron suffered from lycanthropy, according to which one is cracked (symmetrically) and imagines himself to be and acts like a wolf. Certainly his sounding brass and thinking symbols reveal a man less sinned against than sinning, but he was probably a good man underneath. His poetry contains overtones (and undertones) embracing all mankind—especially persons of the opposite sex.

*—From "From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf: An Astounding and Wholly Unauthorized History of English Literature," by Robert Manson Myers * (Bobbs-Merrill).*

*Born some thirty years ago near Horricks Junction, Virginia, the author is a grandnephew of the late Dewberry Oldberry of the Newberry Library, and a distant cousin of the celebrated Abcissa Smith of New York. He was educated both in this country and at Harvard University. He now makes his home on the outskirts of Pamunkey Courthouse, Virginia, where he teaches Creative Listening at Pamunkey State College for Women.

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The Critics Separate Wheat from Chaff

The Nation's Reviewers Vote

QUANTITATIVELY this fall book season appears certain to be remembered as one of the best in history. How will it be rated for quality? Answering a question like that without benefit of the perspective provided by time is a highly hazardous business. Yet on the basis of *The Saturday Review*'s just-completed poll of the nation's book editors and critics, it can be prudently said that in the field of fiction, despite the publication of a few excellent titles, the crop is poor to mediocre, while the average of general books is uncommonly high. Among the latter is an exceptionally large number of fine biographies and autobiographies.

As is our custom each season, we have asked a group of men and women whose business it is to assay the current literary output—the book editors and critics for leading newspapers in every section of the country—to nominate five books of fiction and five general works which they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers this autumn. Indicative of the situation is the fact that many of the twenty-five critics who participated in the poll named fewer than five works of fiction, in some instances explaining that they preferred to name additional general books instead. One declined to name any fiction at all.

The general works suggested most often are:

"Sam Clemens of Hannibal," by Dixon Wecter, ten votes.
"Arrow in the Blue," by Arthur Koestler, eight votes.
"The Diary of George Templeton Strong," edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas, six votes.
"Ushant," by Conrad Aiken, six votes.
"The Big Change," by Frederick Lewis Allen, five votes.
"Beyond the High Himalayas," by William O. Douglas, five votes.

The fiction titles most frequently suggested are:

"The Old Man and the Sea," by Ernest Hemingway, eighteen votes.
"East of Eden," by John Steinbeck, seventeen votes.
"The Man on the Donkey," by H.F.M. Prescott, ten votes.
"Giant," by Edna Ferber, ten votes.
"Sironia, Texas," by Madison Cooper, five votes.

In the hope that our readers will find the critics' choices useful as a guide to autumn reading, we are publishing below the full list of sixty-nine general books and forty-three fiction books. The annotations are ours, the names in brackets are those of the critics. —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

TEN VOTES

SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL. By Dixon Wecter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.
An exhaustive study of Mark Twain's eighteen boyhood years in Hannibal, Mo., and their influence on his later career. (Cady, O'Neill, Rothermel, Derleth, T. Sherman, Douglas, Flowers, Jackson, J. Sherman, Snajdr.)

EIGHT VOTES

ARROW IN THE BLUE. By Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
The first panel of the noted writer's autobiography covering the period from his birth to middle-class Hungarian parents through years of journalism, to his joining the Communist Party at the age of twenty-eight. (Tinkle, Rothermel, Bond, Kogan, Yeiser, J. Sherman, Washburn, Hormel.)

SIX VOTES

THE DIARY OF GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG. Edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Co. Four vols., $35.
Much light is thrown on the social history of New York City from 1835 to 1875 by this diary of a Manhattan worthy. (Babcock, Cross, Bond, J. Sherman, Rogers, Hormel.)

USHANT. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.50.
The autobiography of one of the leading living American poets. (Bradley, Cross, Shockley, Derleth, Yeiser, Rogers.)

FIVE VOTES

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS. By William O. Douglas. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
The travels of the Supreme Court justice through central Asia in 1951. (Beck, Rothermel, O'Neill, Hormel, Nelson.)

THE BIG CHANGE. By Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
A study of the social and economic changes that have occurred in the United States during the past half century. (Babcock, Cross, Rothermel, Bond, Hormel.)

MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER: The Great Depression 1929-1941. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
Latest volume in the former President's autobiography. (Cady, Shockley, Cross, Bond, Nelson.)

FOUR VOTES

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE. By Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6.
The exploration of the American West from the Spaniards to Lewis and Clark. (Bradley, Derleth, Hass, Jackson.)

THE OCEAN RIVER. By Henry Chapin and F. G. Walton Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.
The influence of the Atlantic Gulf Stream on the history of the Western world. (Snajdr, Shockley, Douglas, Rogers.)

RUMOR AND REFLECTION. By Bernard Berenson. New York: Simon & Schuster. $6.
The diary of the noted art historian for the period between the end of Mussolini's reign and the start of the Allied Occupation. (Wesch, Bond, Flowers, Yeiser.)

THREE VOTES

A DECLARATION OF FAITH. By Herbert Agar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.
A statement of faith for Americans at mid-

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century by a distinguished historian and publicist. (Rothermel, T. Sherman, Washburn.)

TWO VOTES

THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.
A study of a wave of scandalous behavior that overtook a Loudun convent during the seventeenth century. (Jackson, Snajdr.)

THE GREAT FRONTIER. By Walter Prescott Webb. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.
An interpretation of history in the light of "booms" by the author of "The Great Plains." (Tinkle, Wesch.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Benjamin P. Thomas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.75.
The first one-volume biography of the Civil War President in thirty-five years. Incorporates all the latest scholarship, including that in the recently opened Library of Congress collection. (Babcock, Jackson.)

THE LOST DISCOVERY. By Frederick J. Pohl. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75.
An analysis of the evidence of Viking landings and settlement in North America prior to Columbus. (Rogers, Snajdr.)

MIDCENTURY JOURNEY. By William L. Shirer. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50.
A leading foreign correspondent takes a look at Europe just a quarter of a century after his first visit. (Rogers, Nelson.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE REIGNS. By Sir Frederick Ponsonby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.
What went on in the royal households of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, and King George V, as recalled by a courtier. (Douglas, Washburn.)

TALLULAH. By Tallulah Bankhead. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.95.
The autobiography of the spectacular star of stage, films, and radio, told with characteristic verve and freshness. (Bradley, Flowers.)

HUGH WALPOLE. By Rupert Hart-Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
A biography of the British novelist so popular in the Twenties. (Hass, Douglas.)

ONE VOTE

THE AMAZING AMAZON. By Willard Price. New York: John Day Co. $4.
A discussion of the past and the potentialities of the great river. (Snajdr.)

THE AMERICAN RECORD IN THE FAR EAST. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.
A brief summary and interpretation of the period 1945 to 1951 by one of the leading authorities in the field. (T. Sherman.)

THE AMERICAN TWENTIES. Edited by John K. Hutchens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5.
An anthology of short stories, verse, drama, and essays from the period, together with a perceptive introduction. (Babcock.)

AS THEY APPEAR. By John Mason Brown. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50.
Essays on matters literary, dramatic, and personal which have appeared during the past year in *SR*'s SEEING THINGS. (Wesch.)

BERLIN STORY. By Curt Riess. New York: Dial Press. $3.50.
A report on what has happened in the city since 1945. (Washburn.)

THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS. By William Saroyan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
A free-wheeling memoir of the author's California boyhood. (Wesch.)

BLOODY WILLIAMSON. By Paul M. Angle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
The feuds, race killings, and labor riots that have given Williamson County, Ill., national notoriety over the past eighty years. (Bradley.)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. By Dorothy Hewlett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.
Full-length, scholarly biography. (Hormel.)

A CENTURY OF THE ESSAY. Edited by David Daiches. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.
An anthology of essays by thirty-eight British and American writers, including Virginia Woolf, George Orwell, T. S. Eliot, Edmund Wilson, James Thurber, and others. (Yeiser.)

CHIAROSCURO: Fragments of Autobiography. By Augustus John. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $5.
Word portraits and scenes from life by the distinguished English painter, traveler, and wit. (Yeiser.)

CHARLES DICKENS: His Tragedy and Triumph. By Edgar Johnson. New York: Simon & Schuster. Two vols. $10.
What may well be the definitive biography. (Kogan.) (Postponed until January 1953.)

DIVIDED WE FOUGHT: A Pictorial History of the War 1861-1865. New York: The Macmillan Co. $10.
Four hundred sixty photographs which tell the story of the war, chosen by Hirst Milhollen, Milton Kaplan, and Hulen Stuart. The running captions and chapter introductions have been edited by David Donald. (Tinkle.)

THE FOLKS AT HOME. By Margaret Halsey. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.
A forty-two-year-old woman with a four-year-old daughter takes a sharp look at the present-day world. (Jackson.)

ANNE FRANK: The Diary of a Young Girl. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
The diary of an extraordinarily gifted twelve-year-old Jewish girl hiding out in an Amsterdam warehouse with her family during the Nazi occupation. (O'Neill.)

FROM MAIN STREET TO STOCKHOLM: Letters of Sinclair Lewis. Edited by Harrison Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.
A collection of letters written to his publishers which throws considerable light on the novelist's life and development as an artist. (Kogan.)

FROM MAJOR JORDAN'S DIARIES. By George Racey Jordan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50.
Disclosures about our relations with the Russians during World War II by the major who acted as liaison officer at Great Falls, Mont. (Cady.)

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD. By Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.
The autobiography of the daughter of the William K. Vanderbilts who married the Duke of Marlborough during the Age of Elegance. (Shockley.)

THE GREAT ENTERPRISE. By H. A. Overstreet. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50.
The author of "The Mature Mind" demonstrates that each person exists as part of a community, not as an individual, and suggests what we should do about it. (Beck.)

MARK HELLINGER. By Jim Bishop. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.95.
A biography of the Hearst writer and Hollywood producer. (Wesch.)

HEMINGWAY: The Writer As Artist. By Carlos Baker. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $4.50.
A thorough critical study of the man and his work. (Yeiser.)

I GO POGO. By Walt Kelly. New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.
Adventures of the cartoon character. (Derleth.)

THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX. Edited by John Nickalls. New York: Cambridge University Press. $4.50.
A new edition of the classic journal of the great Quaker leader. (Beck.)

THE LETTERS OF HART CRANE. Edited by Brom Weber. New York: Hermitage House. $5.
Letters of an American poet who attracted considerable attention in the Twenties. (Bradley.)

The Critics

THIS is the fourth autumn *The Saturday Review* has asked the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the new books they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty-five editors participating in this season's poll are listed below:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
CLYDE BECK, *Detroit News*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus [Ohio] Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
AUGUST DERLETH, *Madison [Wis.] Capital Times*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
OLIVE DEAN HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
SHORE NELSON, *Seattle Post Intelligencer*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
W. G. ROGERS, *Associated Press*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
BEATRICE WASHBURN, *Miami Herald*
CHARLES WESCH, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Vols. V and VI. Edited by Elting E. Morison. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $20.
These two new volumes cover the years of "the big stick." (Cady.)

J. P. MARQUAND ESQUIRE. By Philip Hamburger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.
The "profile" of the leading novelist that appeared in three parts in *The New Yorker*. (Hass.)

MID-STREAM, LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT. By James G. Randall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.50.
Newest in a many-volumed study of the Civil War President by one of the leading living authorities. (Cady.)

MORALITY IN AMERICAN POLITICS. By George A. Graham. New York: Random House. $3.50.
A discussion of corruption and moral standards by a Princeton political scientist. (Beck.)

THE MUSTANGS. By Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6.
The history of the wild horses and their

(Continued on page 44)

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All Out for "Beizbol"

EDDIE STANKY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In a recent issue of the Soviet publication* Smena, *a lengthy article developed the thesis that, like the airplane, wireless, and nylon shirt, baseball was a Russian discovery, debased in the West for capitalistic purposes. Among other statements, the article charged that the "Rodjers" (Dodgers) had a special training camp to school players in the bloodier side of "this beastly battle," that ball players often wind up "with ruined health" or "crippled," that they are "in the situation of slaves . . . they are bought and sold and thrown out the door when they become unnecessary." In essence, said* Smena, *the good features of baseball may be traced to a Russian game called "lapta"; the bad ones are all American innovations.* The Saturday Review *has invited Eddie Stanky, known in his playing days as "The Brat," and now manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, to serve as guest reviewer of this article.*

MY first reaction on reading the news reports of this article is one of shame—that I have, for most of my grown-up life, been engaged in a subversive activity by selling a Russian game to the American people. However, I soon realized that I was reading a wonderful piece of fiction. Baseball a Russian game? The Russians could never play baseball as we know it. Baseball is a game of give and take. The Russians like to dish it out, but they can't take it. When I accidentally kicked that ball out of Phil Rizzuto's glove during the World Series last year, he didn't scream "warmonger." He just put his mind on how to give it back to me, in spades. (If anybody has forgotten, Phil and the Yankees gave it back—good.)

Can you imagine the Russians singing, "For it's one, two, three, and you're out in the old ball game"? They'd probably want to rewrite it to read: "For it's one, two, three—VETO." Nobody can accuse me of not arguing any point the rules permit; but when the man in blue says "Play ball," I've got to shut up or get out . . . and the game goes on. I'm not throwing kisses to umpires, but they do the best they can and every honest ballplayer will admit it. I've screamed "robber" or worse when a close foul ball was called against me or my club . . . but I wouldn't think of accusing an "aggressor" of moving the foul line.

I guess the Russians got the idea that baseball is a "bloody fight with mayhem or murder" because, like all others, I've let my share of men die on base, or have hung up a runner, or—on rare occasions—knocked the stuffings out of the opposition pitcher. But don't forget the sports writers used to call me "Mr. Gromyko" long before the Russians thought of inventing "beizbol." Gromyko took a walk from the U.N. any time he felt like it; I got all those walks that year (1945) only because the pitchers couldn't get the ball over the plate.

As for being a "slave" to baseball, I only hope and pray I can be such a slave to and for baseball for the next thirty-five years or so. *Smena* says ball players are "thrown out the door." After I was "thrown out the door" by the "Rodjers," I played with a pennant-winning team in Boston and picked up a nice World Series check. When I was "thrown out the door" by the Braves, I played on a pennant-winning team in New York. One more nice World Series check. Then the Giants made it possible for me to go to St. Louis in order to become the manager of the Cardinals. So there's a World Series split assured for this year and a fine chance of taking it all next year or the year after. If that's slavery, I'm sure there are two hundred million Russians who would like to change places with me.

—*United Press Photo.*

Eddie Stanky—"200,000,000 Russians . . . would like to change places with me."

The only Communists in baseball I know are "clubhouse lawyers." These are the fellows on a team who are yak-yak-king all the time. They're the birds who are always involved in fancy shenanigans or intrigue. They have one thing in common with the Commies—they talk a better game than they play. We know how to take care of them, all right.

I SUPPOSE a "change-up" pitch would be considered anti-social in Russian "beizbol"; our idea is, what's fair for one side is fair for the other. And don't forget—if a ballplayer has got what it takes, he can bargain for all the dough he can get out of the owner. He doesn't need a Commissar to go to bat for him; he goes to bat about four times every game, and that's what he's paid off on in the end. Can you imagine Mr. Saigh cutting Stan Musial's salary because he didn't

A "Beizbol" Glossary

Terms used by Smena *in its "Beizbol" article with appropriate translations:*

BEIZBOL—*Baseball—generally regarded as the American national pass-time.*

LAPTA—*A Russian game that* Smena *claims was pilfered by the Americans.*

GOM RONS—*Home-runs—the full treatment in baseball.*

POLOV GRAUNDZ—*Polo Grounds—habitat of the New York Giants.*

GOT DOGZ—*Frankfurters (no copyright infringement claims by the Russians).*

SEN LUIS—*St. Louis—home of the Cardinals.*

RODJERS (BUMZ)—*Dodgers—lovable bums, all.*

SHIKAGO KUBZ—*Hank Sauer and eight other guys.*

NIEU UORK DJIANTZ—*New York Giants—the no-miracle boys of '52.*

PIRATOV—*Pirates—A Pittsburgh cellar charity.*

LEV DUIROSHEV—*Leo Durocher—Giants skipper (better luck next year).*

DEL RIOS—*Del Rice—Cardinal catcher.*

TAI KOPB (KOBV)—*Ty Cobb—Contributor,* Life Magazine.

BEIBES RUT—*Babe Ruth—The original Mr. Beizbol of Baltimore.*

BOBY TOMSON—*Bobby Thomson—Dodger Spoiler (1951).*

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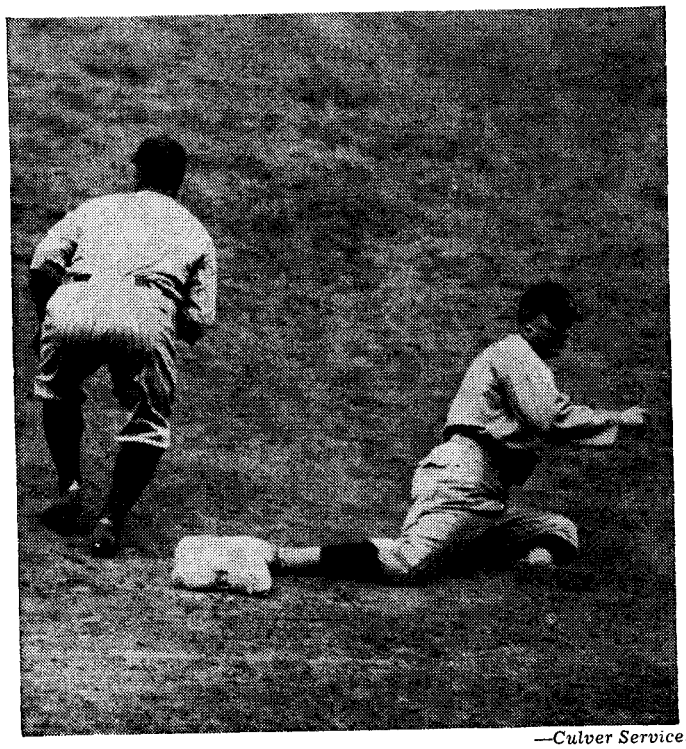
vote on Mr. Saigh's line? For all I know, Stan may be voting the straight Farmer-Labor ticket this year—but as long as he knocks those balls against the right field wall I love him.

"Lapta" may be a fine game, and I'd like to have a try at it some time. If I ever did, I'd like to take Jackie Robinson with me, and Larry Doby and Sandy Conseugra; even old Satchel Paige if he'd come along. And speaking of those "crippled and ruined" ex-ball players, how about "Cy" Young, who pitched more winning games in the majors (over 500) than any man in history, and is still telling about it at eighty-five?

Of all the games I know, baseball is the cleanest and purest. You can hardly put your spikes on without something showing in the box score and in the averages at the end of the year. Every run you bat in has your name on it—and every error. They'll boo you at home if you don't try, and they'll cheer you any place on the circuit if you come up with a hard one.

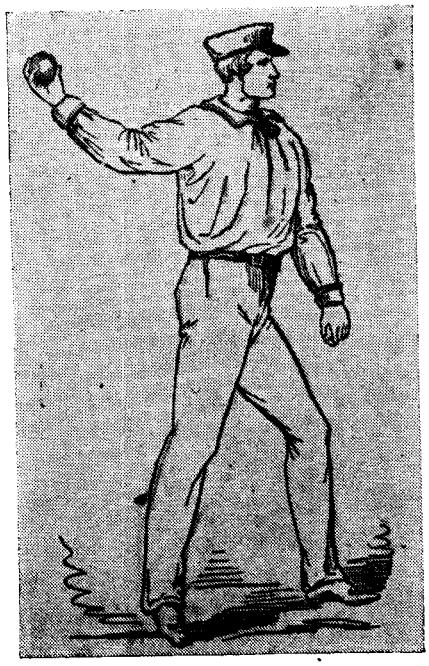
"Beizbol" Russian? How about fair play, and the cooperation in the double play, and the opportunities for little men—like Phil Rizzuto or Bobbie Shantz—to get by as well as big guys—like Ted Williams or DiMaggio? The *Smena* article, to my mind, is strictly a phony. Baseball, with its team play, its rhubarbs and its beefs, its umpire-baiting, the freedom of the fans to decide when to boo or applaud is the big game of a free people.

Only an ump in a gilded cage—an American cartoonist's conception (*circa* 1890) of a proper way to protect umpires.



—*Culver Service.*

Tai Kopb (Ty Cobb) of the Tigrov steams into second, jeopardizing lives of all concerned.



Reasonable facsimile of a Russian hurler in Lapta.

—*Acme.*

Eddie (the Brat) Stanky, in the famous drop-kick play against Phil Rizzuto in the 1952 World Series between the Djiantz and the Yhankees.

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The World. Today, as Robert Payne points out below, three cities live on the razor's edge—Berlin, Vienna, and Hongkong. The razor's edge, to shift the metaphor, is the Iron Curtain, and the cities manage somehow to survive on both sides of it. It is with the eastern side of the Iron Curtain and the lands edging it that most of the books we review here deal. Mr. Payne is reviewing Christopher Rand's *New Yorker* pieces, gathered together in a volume called "The Island Between." Kenneth Scott Latourette's "The American Record in the Far East, 1945-1951" (page 27) is what its title suggests—a useful, judicious, if unexciting record. We Americans have been so concerned with getting Japan back on its feet that we have thought little about the appearance of Communism there. Two scholarly studies reviewed on page 28 should help correct that—Evelyn S. Colbert's "The Left Wing in Japanese Politics" and Swearingen and Langer's "Red Flag in Japan." And a universal mundane tribulation, the circumlocutory intercourse of the law, is disrespectfully razzed by William Seagle on page 30.

Gateway to Nowhere

HONGKONG: The Island Between. By Christopher Rand. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 244 pp. $3.

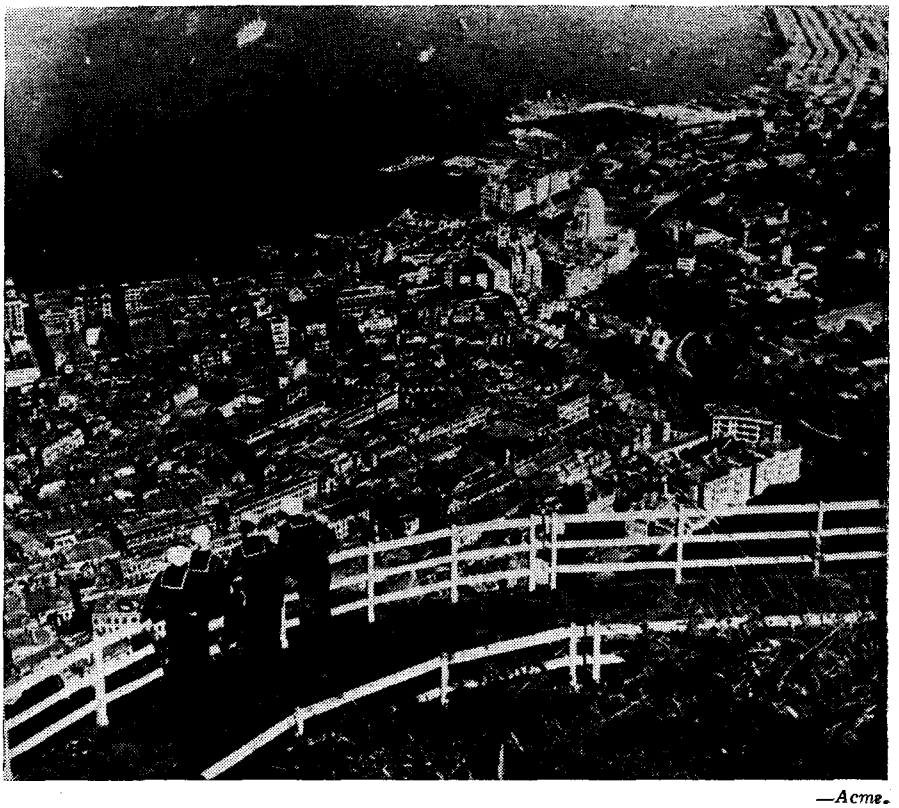
By Robert Payne

THERE are three cities in the world which live on the razor's edge, balancing themselves as best they can, held in a state of desperate equilibrium only because the huge forces thrown against them are so nearly equal. These cities, Berlin, Vienna, and Hongkong, are oddly similar. They all reek of the imperial splendors of the past; they all cherish the fragments of marble and gilt which remain; they are all flooded with refugees; they parade their wealth and poverty with indifference and a kind of aristocratic decorum; and they are so close to the enemy lines that they have forgotten the meaning of danger. In these cities the mythological beasts of our own legendary time grapple in a death-struggle which is all the more strange because the inhabitants are often unaware that there is any struggle at all. What happens to a man when he lives on the borderland of fable?

Christopher Rand, who has lived many years in Hongkong, can never quite make up his mind. There are no sharp outlines in his study of Hongkong, Lantao, and the New Territories, those salients into Red China. He would like to make up his mind, and he is as well-equipped as anybody, but the mystery eludes him. He notes the graveyard jokes, the incessant rumors, the endless shrugging of shoulders, the way everyone is obsessed with the presence of the giant on the doorstep while outwardly pretending that the giant is no more to be feared than a cigar store Indian. He tries to take the pulse of the city, but no pulse can be detected. He describes it at length tenderly and passionately, to the very colors of the Jardine, Matheson godowns, and the way the young Chinese girls in their tight, slit dresses walk down the cluttered streets—these girls return at intervals during the story, and he has clearly fallen under their spell. The girls make sense; neither the Communists nor the Nationalists make any sense at all. He records a visit to the Communist headquarters in Hongkong: all he was ever able to see was the enormously magnified eye of a Chinese student who wore thick glasses, peering through a slit in the door. As for the Chinese Communist philosophy of government, he notes that a nation of small traders is being ruled by men who have no sympathy for small trading, and less for foreigners, whether they are Russian advisers or British business men. After many years spent on the edge of China, he remains unconvinced that Russia holds the leading strings:

"Some of the 'Communist' things now being done in Canton—like the attack on the family—were new, but many were parts of the old system there: the labor camps; the prodigies of road-building and irrigation, always typical of a fresh dynasty; the torturing; even the Northern control of the city's police. We had best be slow, it seemed, to hail any of these as a sign that China had turned Russian. We just didn't know yet."

Christopher Rand writes with a refreshing absence of dogma. He provides no answers, probably because there are no answers. All he can do, as a trained journalist, is to suggest the atmosphere of the place and give



—Acme.

Hongkong—"reek[s] of the imperial splendor of the past."

Robert Payne, long a traveler in the East, is the author of many books on the Far East including "Forever China" and "The Revolt of Asia."

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color to the people who walk in it. He describes the Tibetan officials who passed through Hongkong on their return from Peking after surrendering their country to the overlords, he draws a quick sketch of Sir Robert Hotung, the old compradore who wears the red-buttoned skullcap of the mandarins, he talks to students and professors and wanders through the terrible shantytown of Rennie's Mill, where the refugees live out their lives on the east coast of the New Territories peninsula, and from there he will go on an excursion to the surrounding islands or describe the latest sensational disclosure of the Nationalist press, which announces the death of Mao Tse-tung every other Sunday. He is not out of sympathy with the Nationalists, but notes their addiction to fantasy. In one revealing discussion he describes the young Nationalists who visited him and told him they would follow Chiang Kai-shek until the moment when he assumed supreme power, then they would do away with him. Rand suspects that the pattern may have been supplied by the Generalissimo himself, a man "who was almost unanimously rated a gambler, and a cool and fearless one." Unhappily, the formula for conquest is suspect, and Rand observes that it "added to the confusion in the exiles' minds here, and worked against nobility in their scheming."

Rand describes Hongkong well, but he is best when he comes to Lantao, that pastoral island crowded with Buddhist monasteries in the straits looking up to Macao. There, the turmoil of Hongkong could be forgotten. There were strange twisted mountains and goatpaths and the sea was often a dull silver and the fog came in little clots over the deep blue sky. There is no wheeled traffic in Lantao. The peasants seemed to belong to a time of innocence, and the British officers in charge did not trouble to punish them even when they cut down the wood from the mountains, a crime in an island where there were so few trees. In December, when the weather was dry, he observed bush fires. He could not make out why there were so many. Were they trying to rid themselves of snakes? Were they simply making ash for the paddy-fields? Were they flushing out the young deer? Or was it that the peasants had burned the bushes in December from time immemorial, and had no idea why they were doing it? Rand comments: "I had the feeling that the thing might go deeper than folklore, or might be just arson for its own sake." It is as near as he ever comes, in his diffident and honest way, to finding a reason for the great blaze on the other side of the frontier.

Sweet Milk Turned Sour

THE AMERICAN RECORD IN THE FAR EAST, 1945-1951. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: The Macmillan Co. 204 pp. $3.

By HALLETT ABEND

ALTHOUGH this slender volume is issued under the auspices of the Institute of Pacific Relations, which is one of his favorite targets for attack, not even Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin could read any subversive intent into any single passage of this aloof and eminently fair summary of the events in the Far Pacific since the Japanese surrender.

The whole tenor of this book is defined by Kenneth Latourette when, in the introduction, he declares his intention to set forth at the very outset his bias so far as he is aware of it. First, he says, he is an American "who has confidence in the essential soundness of his native land." Second, the author is a Christian, and he acknowledges that his judgments of what is good and "what constitutes the welfare of individuals and mankind" are of Christian origin.

But in spite of these two basic facts of attitude, the author stresses that these convictions have not shaped either his narrative or his conclusions, and he has not made his book a defense of the United States or its Far East policies, nor is it either an apology for the Christian faith "nor a diatribe against Communism."

These self-imposed limitations, these sharp descriptions of what the book is not, have left to Mr. Latourette only a narrow field in which to work. "The American Record in the Far East," as a consequence, is just that—an adequate but in the main a colorless narrative of officially recorded facts during the years between the Japanese surrender in September 1945, and the close of the year 1951.

The author says that he expects that "many experts will dissent, some of them vigorously," from several of his interpretations. His general conclusion is that during the years in question the American record in East Asia was one of only partial frustration.

The colossal failure of American policy in China is frankly admitted, but elsewhere in the area under consideration there has undoubtedly been progress, in varying degrees, toward an end of oppression, and toward eventual greater freedom, economic well-being, and the spread of education.

Only here and there, and then in unimportant degree, does Mr. Latourette seem to fail in stressing important factors in what has recently gone on in the Far East. He finds the Yalta agreement to have been a tragic blunder, but points out that China accepted the Yalta conditions for Russia's reentry into Manchuria, and confirmed those agreements in the treaty made with Moscow in August 1945.

What he does not state is that China agreed to the Yalta terms only because the Nationalist government, then based at Chungking, received simultaneous and almost identical notes from London and Washington which were tantamount to orders to send T. V. Soong, then foreign minister, to Moscow to ratify the ill-advised promises made to Russia by America and Britain.

The book carefully avoids mentioning the name of Owen Lattimore, and the part he played when he was serving, under President Roosevelt's appointment, as an adviser to General Chiang Kai-shek, and his later activities in the Far East.

Since the staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations helped to prepare the materials from which the author worked, this would have been a good place to clear up many controversial matters.

In general, Mao Tse-tung's government in Peking is let off lightly. Many deplorable tyrannies are ignored entirely, and the mass executions and purges which the Communists have been carrying on in China are mentioned only once.

Chiang Kai-shek is let off lightly, too, and it is even admitted that that "in 1951 there seemed to be growing numbers who . . . would have welcomed the return of that regime." Welcomed?

This book will have value to historians as a reference work. It is sound. But because it carefully avoids most controversial aspects of the subject around which it is written it is undeniably dull.

Hallett Abend, former New York Times *China correspondent, wrote "Chaos in Asia," "Japan Unmasked," and other books on the Far East.*

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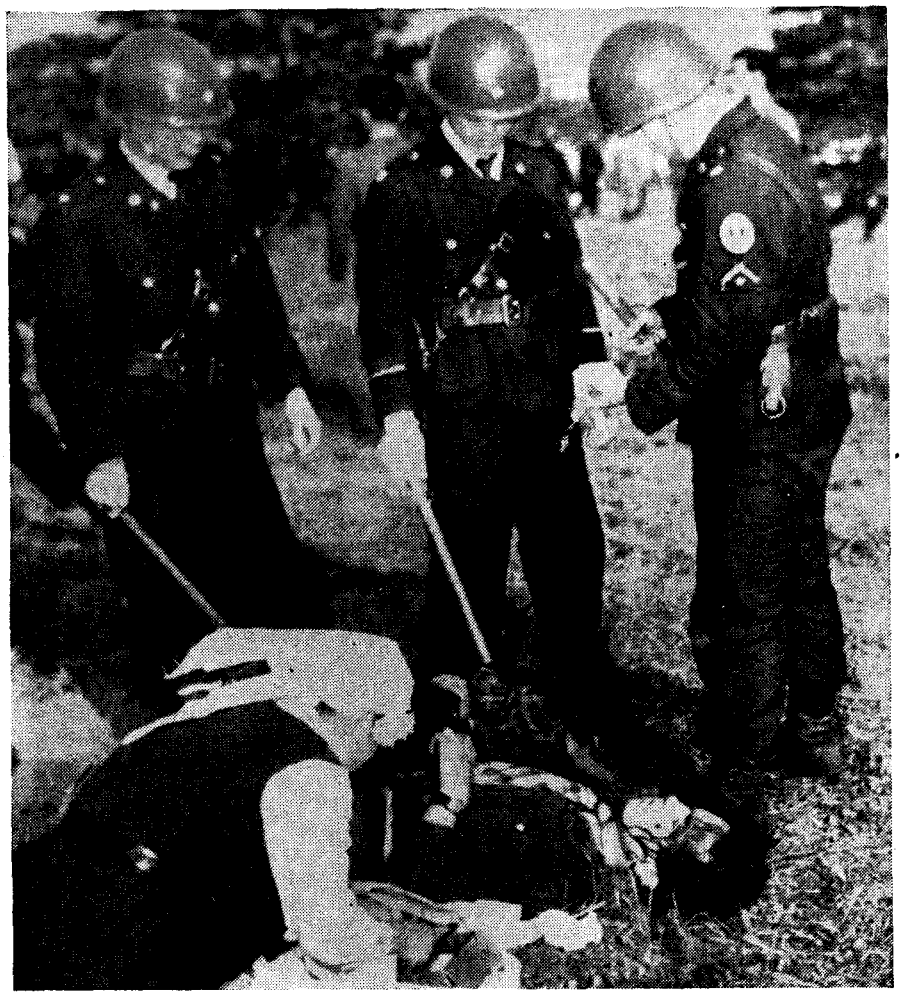

—*United Press Photo.*

A victim of the May Day riots in Tokyo—"latent Japanese anti-foreign sentiment."

War & Pandora's Box

THE LEFT WING IN JAPANESE POLITICS. By Evelyn S. Colbert. New York: Institute of Pacific Relations. 353 *pp.* $4.50.

RED FLAG IN JAPAN. By Rodger Swearingen and Paul Langer. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 276 *pp.* $5.

By Jerome B. Cohen

WHATEVER the merits or demerits of the charge that the Institute of Pacific Relations misled the public on China, its sponsorship of these two scholarly, objective, and meticulously documented volumes dissecting the anatomy of left-wing activities in Japan, would seem to protect it from similar accusations in its coverage of Japan.

Mrs. Colbert and Messrs. Swearingen and Langer make abundantly clear that Japanese Communists are part of the international Soviet conspiracy; that they are directed from Moscow and do the bidding of their Soviet masters regardless of consequences. While readers may find some few remaining questions about the Communist party of Japan that these excellent and thorough studies do not answer, it is quite clear that it is simply because the material was unavailable and not because of any lack of research upon the part of the authors. They have done amazingly comprehensive and very enlightening analyses.

"The Left Wing" is broader in scope than "The Red Flag," covering Socialist as well as Communist activities, party structure, labor organizations, and political moves. Messrs. Swearingen and Langer, on the other hand, delve more intensively into the Communist party alone and provide more complete coverage of the one movement. The first section of Mrs. Colbert's book presents a short analysis of the struggle during the 1920's for control of the left-wing movement by the various proletarian groups, the rise of national socialism in the next decade, and the exile of the Japanese Communists in China. The major portion of the study covers the rapid postwar growth of left-wing organizations in the new atmosphere of political freedom created by the Occupation, 1945-48, and then the left-wing in office under Premier Katayama, 1947-48. There is a brief epilogue dealing with major left-wing developments in 1949 and 1950.

The first third of "Red Flag" is concerned with Communism in prewar and wartime Japan and reveals much hitherto unpublished material on Japanese Communist ties with, and activities in, the Soviet Union, Communist China, and the United States. The latter two-thirds deal with Communism in postwar Japan, including detailed coverage of the party structure and aspects of its "legal" and underground activities. There are dramatic personal stories of the Communist leaders in Japan and shocking revelations about the Japanese Communists and the North Korean Communist offensive. The book is an authentic and valuable case study of international Communism in action.

By 1940 the Japanese police had smashed a Communist movement which had never been more than feeble at best. Communist leaders had either been driven into exile or jailed, some for as long as nineteen years. At the end of World War II an American general unlocked the prison doors, let the Communist leaders walk out, reestablish their party, build it up to a greater membership than it had ever had before, organize and dominate labor unions, and roam the length of the country making subversive speeches. Indeed, there is an odd coincidence between the program advocated by the Communist leader, Nozaka, on his return to Japan in 1945 from exile in Moscow and Yenan, and the initial accomplishments of the Occupation. Compare, for example, the following two paragraphs from "The Left Wing":

"In the first stage, the war would be ended and the government democratized by the revision of the Constitution. This revision would provide for universal suffrage; a sovereign Diet, to which the Cabinet would be responsible; reduction of the powers of the Emperor, the Privy Council, the House of Peers and the Jushin; and guarantee of civil liberties. In the economic sphere, the armaments in-

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Jerome B. Cohen is assistant professor of economics at the City College of New York and the author of "Japan's Economy in War and Reconstruction."

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dustry would be liquidated, industrialization intensified and diversified, and agriculture mechanized. Large-scale monopoly would be placed under government control; the property of absentee landlords would be purchased by the state and made available to poor peasants on easy terms; an eight hour day would be established for workers, and workers would be free to unionize and strike."

And: "old leaders were removed through the purge process and war criminal proceedings. Old controls were destroyed with the abolition of the armed forces and the secret police. A new constitution was promulgated that guaranteed political rights and civil liberties, placed political power in the hands of representative bodies, provided a basis for local autonomy, and substituted the sovereign people for the divine Emperor as the source of all authority. Education was decentralized, state Shinto was disestablished, the old family system was weakened by alterations in the civil code, women were given equal rights with men, trade unions and collective bargaining were legalized and given every encouragement, the land was redistributed through a series of agrarian reforms, and programs were adopted looking to destruction of the great economic monopolies."

The first is the plan of Communist leader, Nozaka, while the second describes the program actually carried out by the Occupation. Indeed, Mrs. Colbert declares: "In effect, as a result of Occupation policy, many of the reforms long ineffectually demanded by the proletarian parties in the past were adopted and their enforcement supervised by occupation personnel." Such are the strange and distorted ways of our times that, from the facts in these books, a demagogue could build quite a case for labeling the Occupation, in its first years, as pro-Communist. It would, of course, be as twisted as the case against General Marshall and it would ignore the climate and the atmosphere of the years in which the actions occurred, very different as they were from the present.

Some of the revelations in "Red Flag" reflect poorly on the quality of our intelligence operations in Japan. "It is difficult to determine how early," Messrs. Swearingen and Langer write, "the Japanese Communists knew of the projected North Korean offensive, but information regarding the scheduled attack seems to have reached Party headquarters [in Japan] *at least ten weeks before the event.*" It is hard to understand why U.S. intelligence authorities, who must have been watching the Japanese Communists very closely, did not come upon this information during the ten weeks. Also, after the leading Japanese Communists went underground just before the invasion of South Korea, neither Japanese special investigators nor U.S. counter-intelligence agents were able to locate more than one.

The year 1950 marked the turn in the tide of Communist successes in postwar Japan. The repudiation of Nozaka's strategy by Moscow, through a Cominform denunciation, brought to a head dissensions in the party and its subsequent and resultant adoption of a more militant line led finally to the purging of its Central Committee and editors of its newspapers. Its popular vote fell from 9.6 percent in 1947 to 5.2 percent in 1950 and membership in Communist-dominated unions dropped from five million to 1.5 million. The continuing refusal of the Soviets to repatriate large numbers of Japanese added to the party's unpopularity. Finally, by mid-year the party was forced underground.

But this, unfortunately, is not the end of the story. The Communist Party of Japan is still stronger than it was at any time prior to 1945 and it is capitalizing upon latent Japanese anti-foreign sentiment by spearheading the drive to force American troops out of Japan. As to the future, one can agree fully with the succinct conclusion of Messrs. Swearingen and Langer: "Whether Communism will be victorious in Japan will hinge in some measure on international developments, but above all it will depend on the extent to which the future Government of Japan will show itself superior to its prewar predecessors in solving the pressing social and economic problems of the nation."

G. R. Jordan—"personal vindication."

Red Bites Samaritan

FROM MAJOR JORDAN'S DIARIES. By George Racey Jordan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 284 pp. $3.50.

By Oliver Pilat

LEND-LEASE provided the decisive margin of Soviet strength over the Nazis after Stalingrad during the last war, chiefly through the mobility made possible by U.S. trucks and locomotives. That margin of strength in turn saved tens of thousands of American lives on the Western front.

A valuable appraisal of lend-lease was provided some years ago by John R. Deane, wartime head of the U. S. military mission to Moscow, in a volume called "The Strange Alliance." Deane stressed the lack of any real gratitude on the part of the Russians, and their willingness to use the pipeline for ulterior purposes, but he also showed a sense of historical perspective. A far less comprehensive view of lend-lease is now available, called "From Major Jordan's Diaries."

George Racey Jordan was a brewery company publicist before the war. In his forties, he volunteered for his second war, and was assigned, from early 1943 to early 1944, as a lend-lease expediter at the Great Falls, Mont., Airport. He kept a diary there, and this provides the skeleton for the account of his experiences.

Jordan was promoted from captain to major through the intervention of the Russians with whom he worked. He aroused the ire of his superiors by a report criticizing inadequacies in the air lift to Russia by way of Alaska and Siberia. After leaving the Army, he set himself up briefly in Washington as an exclusive agency to provide machine tools for the Soviet Union. When this flopped, he became retroactively more suspicious of the Russians, and in speeches became more critical of our wartime ally.

The book is clearly handicapped by Jordan's purpose of personal vindication. In 1949, he charged that the White House, and specifically Harry Hopkins in the White House, had "handed the A-bomb to the Russians on a platter." He was almost laughed out of Washington as a result. Now, he says in a preface, he is out to expose the "character assassins and press experts" who picked flaws in his story.

In his original account, Jordan said

Oliver Pilat, a member of the staff of The New York Post, *is the author of "The Atom Spies."*

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he searched one lend-lease shipment which was about to leave the airport. and found a piece of White House stationery, with Hopkins's name printed on it, and a note reading: "Had a hell of a time getting these away from Groves. H. H." Attached were papers involving references to Oak Ridge and materials used in nuclear processes.

Robert Sherwood, biographer of Hopkins, calling this a cock-and-bull story, said Hopkins always signed himself H. L. H., never H. H., and never had his name printed on White House stationery. General Groves of the Manhattan District project said he never met Hopkins.

Jordan has now revised the story in many particulars. To name one: "I shall tell here *for the first time* that the verb before 'hell' was preceded by a name which stood at the last line of the opening sheet. Its initial letter was either a capital O or C. . . . The full quotation would therefore read: 'Oscar (or Carrie) had a hell of a time getting these away from Groves." Not Hopkins at all!

Of a supposed telephone conversation about lend-lease with Hopkins in 1944 (at a time when Hopkins was ill, and away from Washington), Major Jordan now says he was mistaken in the year; it was 1943, not 1944.

Jordan provides two interesting chapters, one on the abuse by the Russians of borrowed U. S. treasury plates, another on the trip by Father Orlemanski to see Stalin in 1944.

Profession of Confoundment

LAW: THE SCIENCE OF INEFFICIENCY. By William Seagle. New York: The Macmillan Co. 177 pp. $3.50

By Mark DeWolfe Howe

THE quality of Mr. Seagle's despair is not unfamiliar. Like other critics of our legal system, he is profoundly distressed with the institutional complexities, the doctrinal confusions, and the traditional dishonesties which impede the administration of justice. With a somewhat studied bitterness and a labored effort to produce the incisive phrase, he reviews the structure of the law and its pretensions, condemns as inadequate all efforts towards reform, and offers no hope of significant improvement.

To suggest that such criticism has lost its bite and that what Thurman Arnold so usefully did in the Thirties is less fruitful on repetition in the Fifties is not to say that Mr. Seagle's reminder of inadequacies is without value. It is surely important that the reformers of the law should recognize what Mr. Seagle so insistently tells them—that every improvement which they may succeed in securing creates its own new problems. That rather obvious lesson could have been more persuasively taught if the teacher did not seek to shock his pupils into attention with a stream of epigrammatic half-truths. "The inarticulate premise of every system of procedure has always been that a lawsuit should be something of an obstacle race." Corporation lawyers are "the leading supporters of the cult of legal inefficiency." The procedure of discovery "is only another device for enabling wealthy and powerful litigants to harrass their less fortunate opponents." With such *ex cathedra* simplifications as these Mr. Seagle seems to show the enthusiasm of one who believes that the law is the capitalists' instrument of exploitation. Yet that enthusiasm—in fact any brand of enthusiasm—is renounced in other pronouncements indicating that a system of Socialized law is the most fearful of prospects and that those who live by the law shall perish by the law.

In the last analysis, one's dissatisfaction with Mr. Seagle's effort derives from the ambiguity of his ultimate conviction. One aspect of his criticism emphasizes the inefficiency of our legal system, and by doing so suggests that efficiency in the administration of justice is a desirable goal. Another strand of his argument, however, seeks to convince the reader that if the reformers secured the efficiency which they are seeking the people's liberties would be jeopardized. Consistently to maintain both positions is quite possible if one is satisfied to rest on the colorless truisms that law is not perfect and that its imperfections as science have political compensations. An effort might usefully be made to discover the ways in which efficiency in administering the law endangers political values and the extent to which society might wisely sacrifice or qualify those values for the sake of a scientific system of administration. Mr. Seagle has not attempted to make these discoveries, and when he begins an occasional inquiry of this sort makes its pursuit impossible by erecting dogmatic barriers. An example of his dogmatism is his condemnation of the Supreme Court's decision that evidence illegally obtained by the police is not admissible in Federal prosecutions. It is certainly arguable that the Court's decision was mistaken, but condemnation is not argument when unsupported by data which indicate either that the State's interest in the conviction of defendants is more important than its interest in decent police administration or that the rule of exclusion is an ineffective method of preventing the third degree.

Mark DeWolfe Howe is professor of law at Harvard University.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS EDITORS (PAST AND PRESENT)

Albert W. Dowling, of Baltimore, has compiled a list of twenty editors and publications which he asks you to match. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 51.

1. Harold Ross	( ) *The Saturday Review*
2. Charles A. Dana	( ) *Emporia Gazette*
3. W. D. Howells	( ) *Criterion*
4. Edgar Allan Poe	( ) *Story*
5. H. L. Mencken	( ) *Lady's Book*
6. Frederick Lewis Allen	( ) *Ladies' Home Journal*
7. William Allen White	( ) *The New Yorker*
8. Martha Foley	( ) *Atlantic Monthly*
9. T. S. Eliot	( ) *The New York Times*
10. Henry R. Luce	( ) *New York Sun*
11. Joseph Pulitzer	( ) *American Mercury*
12. Henry Adams	( ) *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
13. Bret Harte	( ) *Commercial Advertiser*
14. Ralph Waldo Emerson	( ) *Southern Literary Messenger*
15. George Horace Lorimer	( ) *Life*
16. Noah Webster	( ) *Overland Review*
17. Louis A. Godey	( ) *Century*
18. Edward W. Bok	( ) *Saturday Evening Post*
19. Henry Seidel Canby	( ) *Dial*
20. Adolph S. Ochs	( ) *North American Review*

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World Notes

SOVIET SLAVES: The fifteen million, of whom Nicholas Prychodko was one and of whom he writes in **"One of the Fifteen Million"** (Little, Brown, $3), are the slave laborers in Soviet camps. Mr. Prychodko is a Ukrainian, and he doesn't let his readers forget his deep attachment to the people and the countryside of the Ukraine. He shared the fate of hundreds of thousands who were scooped up by the Soviet secret police one night in the 1930's, sent to Siberia—and who finally managed to escape to freedom through the German Army's lines during World War II.

Mr. Prychodko, who is an engineer, now lives and works in Canada, where he arrived four years ago. His story, as the title of his book indicates, is not unique. It has, in one way or another, been told by others, for example, Vladimor Petrov. But it is worth retelling, particularly for one unusual feature: Prychodko's pardon, after three years in Siberia, by the late Michael Kalinin, head of the Supreme Soviet Council of the USSR.

It was Mr. Prychodko's mother who brought about Kalinin's intercession, simply by walking across Moscow's Red Square and trying to get into the Kremlin. The little old lady was guided by a Kremlin guard to the building of the Supreme Soviet Council, and eventually ushered into Kalinin's office. After she had told him about her son's unjustified arrest—of course, no more unjustified than that of millions of others—Kalinin said: "Just go home, *babushka,* and stop crying. You will soon receive good news." And Prychodko was released.

All this the author relates quietly, without false dramatization. He is, in fact, engagingly humble in his presentation. The book, therefore, has the quite persuasiveness that is more telling than many a blood-and-thunder narrative. —MARTIN EBON.

AMAZONIAN ROMANCE AND REALITY: The Amazon is really a maze of small and enormous rivers, tributaries, streams, a varicose waterways spreading from west to east of northern South America, through Ecuador and Peru to Brazil and the edge of the Guianas, which was El Dorado long ago.

New & Noteworthy

BECAUSE of the great number of books of general interest being published this week, *SR* is unable to review all the important titles in this issue. Those listed below, crowded out because of limitations of space, will be discussed at more length in the near future.

BACK OF THE DREAM. By Warner Olivier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. An account of the past and present activities of the Loyal Order of the Moose.

THE BEST HUMOR ANNUAL. Edited by Louis Untermeyer and Ralph Shikes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. An anthology of short pieces of recent vintage, including the work of such old favorites as Frank Sullivan, S. J. Perelman, Ludwig Bemelmans, and James Thurber.

THE BOOKS IN MY LIFE. By Henry Miller. New York: New Directions. $5. A discussion of his reading and its effect on his own writing.

THE DEVIL'S CHEMISTS. By Josiah DuBois, Jr. Boston: Beacon Press. $3.75. An indictment of Germany's I. G. Farben Industries.

THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. An account of a wave of scandalous behavior that overtook a London convent during the seventeenth century.

EAGLE MAN. By Myrtle Jeanne Broley. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.50. The reminiscences of Charles Broley, who has spent a long life climbing great trees to band eaglets and has stored up a lot of knowledge about the habits of the American eagle as a result.

A FAITH FOR TOUGH TIMES. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75. A consideration of the role of spiritual values in an age when power is generally considered paramount.

GOOD FOR A LAUGH. Edited by Bennett Cerf. New York: Hanover House. $2. A collection of anecdotes, jokes, and gags by the conductor of Trade Winds.

THE GREAT BEAST: The Life of Aleister Crowley. By John Symonds. New York: Roy Publishers. $4.50. Based on the private papers of the British mystic, poet, drug-addict, and exhibitionist.

HAROLD TAYLOR ON EDUCATION AND FREEDOM. By Harold Taylor. New York: Henry Schuman. $3.50. The views of the President of Sarah Lawrence College on education and modern society.

HEROIC FINLAND. By David Hinshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50. History, geography, and biographical sketches of the leaders of Russia's next-door neighbors.

A HOUSE IN BRYANSTON SQUARE. By Algernon Cecil. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5. An Englishman's autobiography of ideas.

INVITATION TO TEA. By Monica Lang. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $3.50. Autobiography of a young girl who went to India as the wife of an English tea plantation manager and stayed for twenty-five years.

KING CHARLES I. By Evan John. New York: Roy Publishers. $3.50. An objective biography of the English king many consider a martyr and others a despot.

THE KOREA STORY. By John C. Caldwell and Lesley Frost. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $3. An account of the events leading up to the Korean War by a member of a missionary family who was a businessman in Korea.

OFF THE RECORD. Edited by Dickson Hartwell and Andrew A. Rooney. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. A collection of memorable newsbeats, incidents, and anecdotes by members of the Overseas Press Club.

OUR APPOINTMENT WITH DESTINY. By Ernest L. Klein. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. An examination of the United States in terms of ethical and political standards.

THE SKY AND THE SAILOR. By Harold Augustin Calahan. New York: Harper & Bros. $4. A history of celestial navigation.

STRANGE ALTARS. By Marcus Bach. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. A study of voodooism as practised in Haiti by a specialist on comparative religions.

THE SUDAN QUESTION. By Mekki Abbas. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $4.25. A historical-political study of the North African trouble spot.

THE WOMAN WITH THE WHIP: Eva Peron. By Maria Flores. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A biography of the late wife of the President of Argentina.

Captain Francisco de Orellana of Pizarro's army went from Quito down the Amazon in 1541, losing most of his 4,000 mountain Indians and their llamas as they descended to the low and humid regions. They starved in those jungles where beneath the giant trees there is insufficient light for edible plants and animals, with the exception of reptiles, to prosper. Birds, beasts, and orchids grow profusely only in Hollywood jungles. Light is their aliment, as it is our own, and all the grandiose schemes for colonizing the Amazon will remain but schemes until sufficient clearings are made.

Willard Price has been one of our best travel writers of the last twenty years, and knows the spine of the Amazon intimately, but in **"The Amazing Amazon"** (John Day, $4) he has written a needless book, as his bibliography attests.

Price writes of the Great Diagonal air bases, of the Madeira-Mamoré Railroad, and the possibilities of colonization once communications lines are established. He stresses the land's riches in manganese, oil, rubber, medicinal plants such as curare and cinchona, recalling their dramatic and sometimes tragic histories. Though he quotes entertainingly from the old writers on the subject of Amazon women warriors, he comes to no conclusion as to their existence, and the Indians' magic he reports by hearsay. This would all be palatable if you only could get your teeth into it. Price does, bearing out Hanson, devote a chapter to discouraging the fiction that white men cannot live healthfully in the tropics. He can, if he works heartily and clears his bush so he can see the sky. It is unquestionable that the Amazon and the countries through which it passes are stupidly neglected areas with great possibilities.

Willard Price was not built to be a pundit. He is an observant adventurer and a good writer, as his personal anecdotes prove, enjoyably. If you have not read his other books, nor those of other writers on the Amazon, you will find this one pleasant and informative. —HASSOLDT DAVIS.

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The Saturday Review

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Politics & Literature

"EVERYWHERE this liberation of man's powers during the Democratic decades has brilliantly succeeded, but nowhere has its success been more marked than in the South. Here has come the richest flowering of a great region our nation has witnessed. A new vitality and creative energy is apparent in every aspect of Southern culture, material, intellectual, and spiritual . . .

"Some years ago a famous American critic said the South was the wasteland of the mind. Yet, at the very moment, I am told, so many of your housewives had novels simmering with the soup—among them 'Gone with the Wind'—that many husbands had to wait for supper.

"And men—in an effort perhaps to keep up with their women, among them your own Ellen Glasgow—were writing books and plays, too. So it was that the Nobel prize for literature came to the Mississippian, William Faulkner . . . "

The South, to which Governor Stevenson addressed the preceding words in a recent eloquent speech in Richmond, Va., has undoubtedly during the past quarter century burgeoned into cultural as well as economic prosperity. But is it the "Democratic decades" which have been responsible for its florescence in letters? Can any political party, whether Democratic or Republican, claim the credit? So far as the literature of the South is concerned, two of those very writers to whom the Governor refers, Ellen Glasgow and William Faulkner, were doing perhaps their most significant writing during Republican administrations. Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground," "The Romantic Comedians," "They Stooped to Folly," and "The Sheltered Life," which most critics rank as her best work, appeared respectively in 1925, 1926, 1929, and 1932, years during which Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover were in the White House; Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury," "Sanctuary," and "Light in August," which if they do not overtop his later work, established his reputation, were published in 1929, 1931, and 1932, when that most orthodox of Republicans, Herbert Hoover, was in office. It was during the Twenties that the group of Nashville poets, the so-called Fugitive Group, which included Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, and Robert Penn Warren among others, drew the attention of the nation to the emergence of a new South into literature, and it was in 1930 that "I'll Take My Stand," a symposium by twelve Southerners setting forth an agrarian program which should furnish an economic base for a return to an aristocratic culture, was published. And again the Republicans were in power.

But was it political leadership, whether Republican or Democratic, which re-energized the South? Was it not the First World War which set free in it, as in all other parts of the nation, latent tendencies, new forces, new outlooks? The war brought to the South the beginning of an economic prosperity long delayed—anyone who had visited it before 1917 and returned to it in the Twenties could see the change which money had wrought in the rehabilitation of many of the handsome old mansions and an improvement in the wretched dwellings of the Negroes and the poor whites. And it brought, too, a widening of horizons, a quickening of interest in foreign affairs, indeed, in national affairs. No part of the country had been so circumscribed, so ingrown, so cut off from active contact with the un-American world as the deep South. To a degree unknown to the states which border on the oceans its society had been static and self-contained. But the war carried the South out of its own domain; its young men, like their brothers all over the country, went into training camps or abroad with other Americans of other localities. They shared in that awakening and rebellion that made the Twenties so exciting a period, and they made their own contribution to it. Because the South had so long lagged behind the rest of the nation the emergence of a revivified Southern culture was all the more noteworthy. The South, indeed, achieved a double triumph, for it divested itself of a dream—the dream which so many of its own writers held to have been in part the deterrent of its progress, and it advanced into the new day with prescience of a world of expanding responsibilities and problems.

EVEN now, the most significant Southern literature bears upon it the stamp of the past from which it is escaping. It is still in the main self-centered, and when it is not nostalgic it is somber. The old tradition of plantation melody and honeysuckle, of a feudal and paternalistic society, has yielded, to be sure, to the grim reality of the share-cropper and the illiterate Negro and poor white population but it is still with its past that its most powerful writers are concerned. And like all the rest of the writers of the nation, like the rest of the world perhaps, it is producing little in creative literature that is of lasting quality. It is in no such ferment as it was in the Twenties—in the Republican Twenties—but then neither is any other part of the country. And neither Democrats nor Republicans are responsible for the creative slump now any more than they were the motive power of the literary flowering of three decades ago. Then the emotion released by what seemed the successful outcome of war, and the reappraisal of manners and values that followed upon it, resulted in a great surge of interest in every facet of American life which challenged the writer to depict it. Today, after a second war, which has left the morrow clouded, the mood of the writer—of the individual in general—is bewildered and hesitant. East, West, South, or North the writer feels himself distraught by the uncertain future. It is no single political party that yesterday or today holds the key to a significant literature but a world in which all parties unite for a peaceful world. Fortunately, Democrats and Republicans alike make that their goal.

—A. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pessimistic Moderns

▶ I, LIKE HARRISON SMITH [*SR* EDITORIAL Aug. 30], am tired of the modern writer, *i.e.* categorically Tennessee Williams, Norman Mailer, Paul Bowles, etc., who has portrayed only a starkness that is intellectually stagnant and emotionally immature.

The modern writer has communicated only pessimism. He has created only a hopeless muddle of sordid characters experiencing apathetic reactions to a challenge which they are only partly aware of and cannot meet because their minds and their hearts are not disciplined.

This is stagnant; it is immature and it is not reality. Man in essence is not stagnant and he is capable of more than repressing immaturity.

If we are to believe, and the modern writer would have us believe it, that man is a hopeless victim of a hopeless circumstance, then we would eradicate the past as disillusionment, the present as meaningless, and any future as meaningless or nonexistent.

Man in any long run refuses to eradicate a past, a present, and a future. He strives to learn from the past and apply that wisdom to the present and future.

When the modern writer is meaningful, and he will be meaningful when he knows courage, when he has insight, when he knows discipline and integrity, when he will acknowledge and concern himself with man's ability to know hope, then the modern writer will cease to be just a reflection of an age that is passing by. He will have constructive influence.

And until the modern writer has meaning the modern reader should concern himself with something other than that which is fashionable.

JOHN DOLAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Flaunt is Flouted

▶ ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME someone does something about reviewers, public speakers, and editors who use "flaunt" when they mean "flout"?

The list runs from General MacArthur (in his keynote speech at Chicago) to Arthur Schlesinger [*SR* Sept. 6]. I can bear with Ernest Hemingway when he writes "dove" for "dived," when every aviator does, but may we not have a little copy-reading in *SR* even though some of your contributors inveigh against any corrective touching of their manuscripts?

CARL G. GAUM.

New Brunswick, N. J.

Faith & Freedom

▶ THERE IS ONE POINT which I do not believe Liston Pope has made sufficiently clear ["Does Faith Impair Freedom?," *SR* Sept. 6] and that is the nature of freedom itself. He says that freedom as the right to choose as one pleases soon creates its own bondage. He is quite right and thus demonstrates that that is not freedom at all. What then is freedom? It is not the ability to choose either the good or the evil; true freedom is the ability to choose the good as relates to man's human nature and his supernatural end, *i.e.* to choose according to the will of God. The man who chooses evil is not free but is a slave to his hatred, prejudice, lust, and avarice. In order to choose the good, man must know it, which is to say, know the truth. And since to err is human, man can know the truth with certainty only through God's revelation as taught by the Church which God's Son founded for that very purpose. Indeed, you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

BERNARD DOLL.

Racine, Wis.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm going to Europe for six months. Don't sell any of my stock until I get back."

Exasperated Ex-Student

▶ SIR: CLAUDE M. FUESS'S ARTICLE "An Educator's Balance Sheet" [*SR* Sept. 13] was very interesting, especially to one who has just left high school in his third year. The school I attended was an average public high school, if not better than most. Mr. Fuess seems to have written mainly about private schools. There is a far greater student body attending the public schools, however, and I think the situation there is more important.

The reasons I left school were many: the modicum of actual learning, foolish and time-wasting authority, and low morale among the students and teachers were among them. Reading over Mr. Fuess's article, it seems to describe an almost unreal system of education. He describes the problems of students far removed from those I have come in contact with.

To the average student in a New York City high school, the main end to his education is a diploma. There is no thought of personal enrichment. I know that any appreciation I have for literature, music, and art I got independent of school. The teachers seemed to want to teach us these fine things, but were so overwhelmed themselves by the lack of interest that they gave up. Occasionally, when one would get a class stirred up and have us doing extra work, it would turn out that the school authorities found such things wasteful of time. Naturally, the teachers would receive no pay for after-school work.

The art and music classes were farcical. Can anyone truthfully say that sketching a few pictures, actually doodling *en masse*, makes for appreciation of art? Or that a symphony or opera can be more fully enjoyed because the class sang "Reuben and Rachel" together?

I enjoyed Mr. Fuess's comments on the psychological standpoints in the school system. It used to be a school joke about the way our counsellors would give us the third degree in order to make life easier for us. What could be more ironical than a simpering teacher who seemed in sore need of a psychoanalytic couch herself, questioning students about their unhappy home lives.

Most of the students calmly take all this. Many enjoy it. The flock instinct made them like sheep grazing in a meadow, digesting knowledge as sheep digest grass, and retaining about as much as the sheep do. Maybe it is this complacency that is the fault with our schools.

ROBERT P. REILLY.

New York, N. Y.

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Fiction. The works of William March, an American, and Angus Wilson, an Englishman, are already well known to connoisseurs of fiction, but they have yet to be discovered by the great reading public. Back in the Thirties, William Edward March Campbell, a businessman, using his first and third names on novels ("Company K") and short stories ("Some Like Them Short") won high marks from the critics. Now, after a long silence, he is writing again, offering in "October Island" (below) a clever satire on religion. Over the past two years Angus Wilson, a British Museum staff member, has been warmly praised by the critics for two volumes of short stories about the war between the sexes: "The Wrong Set" and "Such Darling Dodos." This week, with the publication of his first long work, "Hemlock and After" (page 35), our reviewer hails him as one of the most important new English novelists of the decade. . . . The reputation, if not the work, of Gertrude Stein is widely known to the American public. Her just-published "Mrs. Reynolds" (page 35) gives us a new chance at her puzzles.

When Vermont Thaws in the South Seas

OCTOBER ISLAND. By William March. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 246 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THOUGH William March is a superb novelist and short story writer, it is some years since he brought out a new book. Twenty years ago his "Company K" was considered one of the best and most original novels of the First World War, and it remains fresh in the minds of many of its readers. His work is blessed with a style whose simplicity disguises its artistry. Though he has borrowed from no one, there is in "October Island" a tinge of the earlier Aldous Huxley's wit, the irony of Richard Hughes's "High Wind to Jamaica," and the gentle satire of Norman Douglas's "South Wind."

The story itself is fascinating and strange. In the 1890's the Reverend Samuel Barnfield and his wife, Irma, arrived on a mythical South Sea island as missionaries of a small but fervent sect known as the Church of the Gospel Prophets. The rawboned and aging pastor had been married to Irma for twenty-three years of sexless life. They were not aware that October Island was the seat of a prehistoric religion and a forgotten culture which was of the greatest interest to sociologists. There for uncounted ages the people had worshiped and sacrificed to the hermaphrodite god Rahabaat, born of the union of the sun and the moon, symbolized by the lofty twin volcanoes that from afar at sea resembled two recumbent and gigantic male and female figures. Nor did this strange and uncouth pair of missionaries know that their religion had promised that some day a virgin goddess would come to rule them.

Irma, many years younger than Samuel, had come from New Orleans. A vigorous, simple-minded, and unimaginative woman, she felt it her duty to convince the luxuriantly beautiful and quite amoral women of the island that they were sinful and their nakedness shameful. The natives listened to the thunderous rhythm of Samuel's sermons with exquisite politeness, though they ridiculed him in private. Irma was another matter; it was incredible and awesome to them that a married woman of fifty should be a virgin. She was also kindly and gentle, and when they discovered that she was unearthing the ancient and often obscenely carved stones which told the story of the islands' legendary past they began to revere this strange and uncouth visitor. She had found one young man with whom she could talk, the mate of a schooner and son of a native woman and a scientist who had long ago left the island. When he told her of the islanders' religion and of the fiery union of the sun and the moon which had created the earth and had given them their hermaphrodite god, she thought it was obscene nonsense. In her search for the sacred stones which she promptly threw into the craters of the volcanoes, Irma unearthed the legendary cup and spoon of the god. Her future as their virgin goddess was sealed. The fantastic conversion of the islanders to Samuel's harsh religion was due to Irma, though she was at the same time drawn to their pagan ceremonies, which she attended in a weird costume of white gauze, topped by a crown sparkling with Christmas tree ornaments. She gave up her vigorous attempts to clothe the girls and women in hideous mother-hubbards and surrendered the main purpose of her religion, the conviction of sin and the eternal punishment in the flames of hell.

—*Myles De Russy.*

William March—"enchantment."

When Samuel was stricken with a fatal illness, Irma took him home to the bleak house of his ancestors and buried him in a Vermont grave. She had so willed it; in fact, everything that Irma wished for in her practical mind came to pass. The sister she had left in New Orleans became a notorious prostitute, married a wealthy alcoholic, and left her a hundred thousand dollars. It enabled her to buy the schooner which had taken her to and from October Island and to present it to the only man who had ever stirred her emotionally, the mate of the vessel. And she was able to fulfil her promise to the islanders to come back to them. In her absence they had mourned her loss and had first sacrificed pigs disguised as babies, by throwing them daily into the volcano, and then when the god rejected them, their children. When Irma stepped ashore she was dressed in her weird flowing costume and accepted the frantic joy of these childless people with the calmness with which she had met all the incidents of her life.

The truth is that Irma is a hypocrite who is able to be both honest and dishonest, rational and fantastic, at the same time. In this witty and satirical novel Mr. March reveals a philosophy that would hardly be acceptable to Christian creeds. Irma's faith in herself produced a series of minor miracles. She received in the end the inexhaustible adoration she craved and the islanders were blessed with their virgin goddess and a new generation of children. "October Island" is destined to linger in the minds of its readers as a charming and wise fantasy. We have had little of this kind of enchantment in our recent literature.

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The Traitorous Leader

HEMLOCK AND AFTER. By Angus Wilson. New York: The Viking Press. 248 pp. $3.

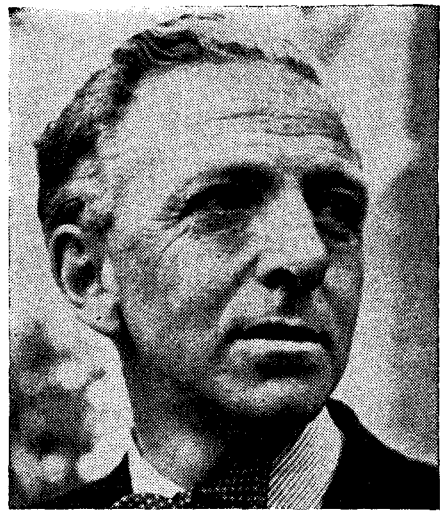
By WILLIAM PEDEN

ANGUS WILSON'S first novel displays many of the characteristics which distinguish his previously published collections of short stories, "The Wrong Set" and "Such Darling Dodos." This bilious and brilliant appraisal of a group of intellectual rebels in Welfare England is a kind of mid-twentieth century morality play in fiction form. It is an intelligent and appalling inquiry into the nature of evil. Composed with admirable economy, it exhibits a mastery of form and a prose which can be florid or simple or hard or poetic as the occasion demands. Above all, it is animated by a hatred of stupidity and cruelty which links the author to the major English satirists.

The central character of "Hemlock and After" is the tormented Bernard Sands, a celebrated middle-aged English novelist who has recently obtained a Government subsidy to establish a retreat for young writers. As Socrates dominated the young men of Athens and became a symbol suggesting many things to many people, so Bernard Sands dominates and influences for good and for evil the intellectual cripples, moral lepers, and emotional misfits with whose lamentable fortunes the novel is concerned.

And what a varied cast of characters Mr. Wilson has assembled! The "frivolous humanist" Bernard Sands, whose growing awareness of evil gradually becomes a preoccupation and ultimately an obsession; Ella, his neurotic wife, who rises from her emotional grave as Bernard descends into his; Eric and Terence, partners in Bernard's departure from sexual orthodoxy; mountainous Mrs. Curry, foul apostle of "love and cosiness," the Witch of Edmonton of the allegory; filthy Mrs. Wrigley and her son, Ron the pimp—not since the early Huxley has a novelist depicted such a group of scabrous intellectuals treading the frenetic measures of their antic hay.

The most questionable episode of the novel is its first climax, Bernard's Leicester Square ordeal, and its resultant effect on his character and on the lives of all those whom he influences. While waiting at Leicester Square for a former lover, Bernard is importuned by a young man who is subsequently apprehended by the police. Bernard's immediate and later reactions to this incident—*his* bowl of



—*Paul Moor.*

Angus Wilson—"hatred of cruelty."

hemlock—motivate the remainder of the novel and are, to this reviewer, the least convincing sequences. He begins to see in the evil of his friends only the reflection of his own guilt, his newly discovered hypocrisies, his long suppressed lusts. This recognition of his own corruption represents his own failure as a human being, and the failure of his principles as well. After his embrace of the "saving power of evil" which makes a nightmare of the opening ceremonies at the authors' retreat, he can only conclude: "I make you a present of the failure of humanism."

It is not easy to agree with Bernard or Mr. Wilson's moral arithmetic. It is much easier to agree with Ella Sands's valedictory remark: "Bernard *was* something to people, lots of people."

"Hemlock and After" is an important novel. It will probably become a controversial one. Certainly it establishes Angus Wilson as one of the major English fiction writers of the last ten years.

—*Imogen Cunningham.*

Gertrude Stein—"tantalizing."

Words Into Partitions

MRS. REYNOLDS. By Gertrude Stein. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 378 pp. $5.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

UPON her death in 1946, Gertrude Stein left her unpublished manuscripts to the Yale University Library, with the request that they be published. Under the editorship of Carl Van Vechten the first volume of the Yale Edition of her writings, "Two, and Other Early Portraits," appeared last year. "Mrs. Reynolds, and Five Earlier Novelettes," is the second volume. The material still in manuscript will amount to some six more volumes. The Yale University Press plans to issue a new volume each year.

"Mrs. Reynolds," Miss Stein's last long novel, was written during World War II. It concerns the state of mind of certain people during the war years. It is a tantalizing and exasperating book, which can also be exhilarating in the measure that a reader likes to be thrown upon his own resources. Even with the guidance of Lloyd Frankenburg's shrewd introduction, it is a difficult book to read.

At the end, in a paragraph of epilogue which might well have been prologue, Gertrude Stein gives some help:

"This book is an effort to show the way anybody could feel these years. It is a perfectly ordinary couple . . . really not suffering personally from everything that is happening but over them, all over them is the shadow of two men. . . . . There is nothing historical about this book except the state of mind."

The perfectly ordinary couple are Mrs. Reynolds and her husband. A great deal is told about them—their dreams, their predictions, their repetitive conversations, their gnawing anxiety. But more is withheld. We do not know in what country they live, we never see their surroundings; in 100,000 words of narrative there is no incident, no situation, no episode. What fills these pages is the state of mind—revealed and elaborated, falling back to its simple dreams and preoccupations and then given new extension. The Stein narrative has its own style, or repetition and accretion. It is primitive, like *I will sing uou one-o*—the whole repeated and repeated, each time with some new addition.

Over this perfectly ordinary couple was "the shadow of two men"—Angel Harper and Joseph Lane. Angel Harper is Adolf Hitler, Joseph Lane is

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Joseph Stalin; these two are constant concerns of Mrs. Reynolds. They determine her state of mind, and she knows them intimately enough to read their memories and their dreams. Often a kind of childish rhyme attaches to them, a worrying rhyme that comes from too much idle and anxious speculation. About Joseph Lane : "Nobody knew, no, nobody knew, what it was that he was going to do. Nobody." Angel Harper: "Really when Angel Harper was forty-six he was in a fix. And so was any one. And every one. Believe it or not it was true and it made everyone pretty blue."

What chronology the novel has is supplied by Angel Harper's age. "And now Angel Harper was fifty and it was getting pretty serious." . . . "Saint Odile knew that when Angel Harper was fifty-two, he was through." . . . "the year that Angel Harper was fifty-three it was a long year." . . . "When Angel Harper was fifty-four, fifty-four four said Angel Harper what for?" This nagging concern with his age is at last ended: "Angel Harper was not fifty-five alive"—and "Mrs. Reynolds" ends there too.

Gertrude Stein had a belief that people are formed by the climate they live in. With Mrs. Reynolds the climate was anxiety, and it crowded all else out of her attention. In his illuminating study of Gertrude Stein, published last year, Donald Sutherland sees her as "a thoroughly civilized woman operating in Indian territory with the extreme wakefulness and adroitness required by such a situation." Here the Indian territory is the worried minds, waking and sleeping, remembering, anticipating and predicting, of some unexceptional people during the years of war.

Fiction Notes

STEAMBOATING WITH ABE: In February 1832, Vincent A. Bogue—merchant, miller, land speculator — chartered the one-hundred-and-fifty-ton paddle wheeler *Talisman* to carry goods from Cincinnati to Portland Landing on the Sangamon up in the Illinois country where young Abraham Lincoln was just getting into politics. The life of the *Talisman* was short and not too successful, but she is remembered because Lincoln piloted her back down the dangerously shallow Sangamon into the safer Illinois.

Darwin Teilhet has reconstructed this voyage from the newspaper accounts of that day, the Herndon letters, and a few other sources, and made it serve as the framework for his novel, **"Steamboat on the River"** (Sloane, $3.50). The story is told by the fictitious character, seventeen-year-old Horace Owens, son of the builder of the *Talisman*.

The best part of the book is the account of the trip up and down the troublesome Sangamon. Skilfully, the author brings in the friends and acquaintances of Lincoln's young manhood—the Clary Grove boys, the Armstrongs, Mentor Graham, Jack Kelso, Ann Rutledge, and many others, each more or less in the role assigned by biographers of Lincoln. These people are seldom mere names or spots in the scenery, but individuals, each helping in some measure to give reality to Lincoln and his country. The reader meets Lincoln in most of the roles he played at that time—riverman, rail splitter, politician, story teller, strong man, bashful lover, the hungry one for books and learning.

Students of Lincoln will doubtless find some quarrel with Teilhet's characterization; young Lincoln is somewhat idealized, already being thought by some an ardent abolitionist, a shade too holy, and on the whole a very great deal like Sandburg's Lincoln. There are some mistakes in simple fact, such as casual mention of ferrying from the Cincinnati to the Indiana side of the river, or the smell of spring flowers in March in the Illinois country.

However, for the most part, "Steamboat on the River" shows honest use of historical fact and deals with an episode in the life of Lincoln and in the history of steamboating too long overlooked.

Unfortunately the author apparently had no faith in the abilities of the tale of the *Talisman* to hold the reader, and so he must throw in a second story which well nigh ruins the first. It is not enough that young Horace, something of a fop in the beginning of the story and fresh from a three year stay in Philadelphia, should tell of the trip on the river; he must tell of himself, of how in less than a year on the river he proves himself a man in true cops-and-robbers tradition—he catches a thief, proves his physical prowess, gets his girl, does so many things, in fact, that he, with his youth and his inexperience, seems hardly credible. Worse, the reader is so constantly bombarded with young Horace's fear, hopes, cogitations, and opinions that he at times wishes the narrator would jump into the river and let the things about him speak for themselves.

—HARRIETTE ARNOW.

Fiction of the Week

Because of the great number of books published at this time of the year, *SR* has not been able to include reviews of the following volumes in this issue. They will be given their due in the near future.

THE CRYSTAL YEARS. By Daniel Doan. New York: Abelard Press. $3. Portrait of a boy coming of age in a small town to which he and his family have recently moved.

GIVE US THIS DAY. By Richard V. Grace. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.75. A suspense story about the efforts to find evidence to save the life of a young Air Force captain convicted of losing a bomber squad and their crews.

HOME IS UPRIVER. By Brian Harwin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3. An orphan boy comes to age doing odd jobs along the Mississippi.

A HORSE FOR THE ISLAND. By Bettina Erlich. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75. A gentle fable of peasant life on the Italian island of Limore.

IT'S DIFFERENT FOR A WOMAN. By Mary Jane Ward. New York: Random House. $3. The strange and amusing Cutter clan and especially Sally Cutter, who is fortyish and dissatisfied with her husband.

THE LAZY ONES. By Albert Cossery. New York: New Directions. $2.75. A novel about a family involved in corrupt practices in present-day Egypt.

THE LOVED AND THE UNLOVED. By Francois Mauriac. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3. Two love affairs, one pure, one twisted. In a postscript the author defines the function of the novelist.

PIGS HAVE WINGS. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75. Stiff competition among the British gentry when they enter their porkers in the Fat Pigs Contest.

THELMA. By Vera Caspary. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. The story of a woman whose goal was to keep up with the Joneses, and to keep her husband and daughter up there too.

TRAITOR'S MOON. By Robert Neill. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. The adventures of a young man in seventeenth century London whose friendship for a Catholic priest nearly has dire consequences.

WITH HOPE, FAREWELL. By Alexander Baron. New York: Ives Washburn. $3. The problems of a young Jew growing up in contemporary London.

THE YEARS ARE EVEN. By Hobert D. Skidmore. New York: Random House. $3.50. One of a pair of identical twins seeks to find his own identity in the confusions of the postwar world.

SEMI-GOOD EGG: Some years ago *Esquire* used to publish a class of stories editorially labeled "semi-fiction," but cut it out when one of the readers made reference to a semi-good egg. Louis B. Davidson's and Eddie Doherty's **"Captain Marooner"** (Crowell, $3.95) qualifies for both definitions if it will be remembered that the analogy is imperfect and that, unlike the egg, a book may have good spots and bad.

As a novel it is pretty atrocious. The end has nothing to do with the beginning and is held on by safety pins. The motivation is often so peculiar as to be incredible. We are asked to believe that a fifteen-year-old boy of the early 1820's writes a diary in the crisp dia-

(*Continued on page 48*)

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Broadway Postscript

LEADING LADY

WHEN "The Millionairess" opens at the Shubert Theatre on October 17 a slightly less affluent young lady will be present to share the spotlight with Shaw's heroine. She is Betty Quinn, who is approaching her fortieth year as chief usher at the Shubert. Although her spotlight is only a 100-watter which shines down on her from the ceiling near the theatre's inner entrance, Miss Quinn's blonde hair, navy blue military cape, and paper gardenia assure her of being distinguished from the other ushers who merely add white collars to their own black street dresses. Despite her royal get-up, there is a docile petiteness about the dean of Broadway ushers which on the one hand prevents imperiousness, and on the other belies the efficiency a woman must have in order to direct ticket holders to their proper aisles after a bare glimpse of their tickets.

Fritz Meyer, Shubert ticket-taker who has ripped more than a million pasteboards since he started in 1908, says, "Betty can distribute a house faster than anyone I've ever seen." While seating 1,200 people in forty minutes means an average of only thirty a minute to be handled by the twelve girls Betty funnels them to, more than 600 of these arrive in the last ten minutes. This could result in a serious jam if Betty and her crew faltered and misdirected patrons bucking the main flow of traffic.

When Betty broke into the ushering game, she worked for $6 a week. Today, the Legitimate Theatre Employees Union, to which all ushers belong, has established a weekly wage of $24.75 for ushers and $31.90 for chief ushers. No one lives on such stipends. Many ushers are married, some have other jobs; Betty lives with her family. With but an eighteen-hour work week she figures that she is not doing badly on a per hour basis.

Nonetheless, chances are that Mr. Lee Shubert is, as is his wont, getting his money's worth. For Miss Quinn and her retinue do much more than the minimum job of seating patrons. They answer questions that range in complexity from "Is the balcony upstairs?" to "What happened in the first two acts of 'Hamlet' before I arrived?" If people become ill during the play, the usher must get them to the matron without commotion. Almost all of these are cases of indigestion resulting from people hurrying their dinners to get to the theatre, and are easily relieved with sodium bicarbonate. Occasional attacks are of a more serious nature, but Betty has had only one person die in her arms in thirty-nine years, which would seem to indicate that theatre-going is nearly as safe as flying. Once in a while a patron has an accident on the premises, and if the theatre is sued, Betty must go to court to testify.

The work has its lighter side too. From the Majestic Theatre comes the story of the couple who presented tickets for the raised section in the rear of the orchestra. A busy usher pointed backwards and upwards. Five minutes later the couple was noticed by a balcony usher plodding up the rungs of the ladder that leads into the electricians' booth.

Part of the duties of an usher stem back to their original use in the London theatre around the middle of the nineteenth century. There, rather rugged specimens of the weaker sex were hired to keep patrons from

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"BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE"
introducing
DORETTA MORROW
with JAMES WHITMORE
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by
KARL TUNBERG and LEONARD SPIGELGASS
Based on a Story by Ruth Brooks Flippen
and Sy Gomberg
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
An M-G-M Picture

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and JUANITA HALL
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2:30: $3.60 to 1.20. Sat. Mat. $4.20 to 1.20
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IN
"Point of No Return"
A new play by PAUL OSBORN
Based on the novel by JOHN P. MARQUAND
with
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COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON • ROBERT ROSS
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usurping the seats of others. Today on Broadway, people emulate their ancestors by trying to sneak down from the balcony to empty orchestra seats after the first act. Ushers resent this. They would be much more inclined to allow an occasional patron to improve their locations if they'd politely ask.

A universal peeve of the black-appareled ladies in the dark is the resistance they meet from people who wish to smoke inside the theatre. Betty recalls the time when Sue Reilly, now matron at the Music Box, once told a man that he could not bring his lighted cigar into the theatre. "Here," he said disdainfully, handing it to her, "take it." "No," retorted Sue, deftly snuffing out the stogie, "I'll check it."

A less frequent, but still vitally important function of an usher is hushing an audience. In fact some etymologists claim that the word "usher" stems from "husher."

Miss Lynn Fontanne, who was once an usher herself, actively supports this theory. She says: "Sometimes we up here on the stage go through a whole page of dialogue leading up to one line. If that line is lost because someone is whispering or coughing, the whole thing has been wasted. Good ushers can shush a cougher and refuse to seat people during particular scenes." The staff at the Shubert is adept at this, and Betty was solidly backed by Miss Fontanne when a Hollywood actress raised a row because Betty forced her to wait at the back of the orchestra until a scene had concluded.

While Miss Fontanne turns into a clawing Medea at the thought of latecomers or coughers in the audience, and insists that they should just stay home, Miss Quinn is somewhat more tolerant. Only when she is reminded of the bygone pomp of theatre-going does she allow herself to chide the current crop. "In the old days people would hand you their tickets, give you a smile, and thank you when you seated them. Today they seem to feel that you're their servant—paid to do the job and that's all." She is quick to add that her comment doesn't apply to everyone, and that as yet it is just a trend, observable mainly in matinee audiences.

Miss Quinn, a quiet optimist, puts her faith in people because to her life is much gayer when she gives the other person the benefit of the doubt. Her typewritten list of instructions posted in the usher's dressing room may not pack the wallop of Hamlet's speech to the players, but it does reveal a bit of the same down-to-earth concern for the standards of her profession:

No chewing gum while on duty.
Do not sit in the ladies room reading or lounging during work hours.
Watch the people smoking during show time.
Usherettes must seat people, not direct them to their seats.
Take your garbage out with you.
Don't hold conversations with the people.
Be polite to everyone.
Be sure to air your uniform once a week.

Her discipline is delightfully informal, and before the doors open the semi-darkened confines of the Shu-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLOOD IN YOUR EYE *Robert Patrick Wilmot* (Lippincott: $2.50)	N. Y. Operator Steve Considine, detailed to babysit peppy alcoholic, runs into dirty fighting, slaughter.	Story weakens (like some of the characters) after strong start; author's first mystery; prognosis favorable.	Plus and minus
A PRIVATE UNDERTAKING *Hildegarde Tolman Teilbet* (Coward McCann: $2.75)	Yank author, busy on Riviera, bystands into international intrigue, heavy woman trouble.	Sub-trip into Yugoslavia unusual feature; plot neatly followed through.	Ingenious
MURDER WITH MIRRORS *Agatha Christie* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Murder invades English do-goodery; elderly Miss Jane Marple plays right bower to Inspector Curry.	Clever character alignment, good suspense, but ending a mite contrived.	Orthodox Christie

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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bert often resound with laughter and dancing. The reveling stops when the first customers appear, for Betty takes great pride in her house. In fact, she contributed a bit of her own time to sew the neat little curtain that keeps light from streaming through the theatre's front door. "Why not," she says. "This place is as much a home to me as where I live."

—HENRY HEWES.

* * *

THE project of transforming a Don Quixote or a Samuel Pickwick into a stage presence is as difficult as it is irresistible. That may be why these familiar literary masterpieces invariably pop up as marionette shows or amateurish charades.

Stanley Young, a playwright keenly sensible to the difficulties involved, has probably written in his "Mr. Pickwick" more of a play than any attempted in the past. He has taken a fair sampling of Dickens's episodes and fashioned them into theatrical scenes which, strung in a new order, tell a story faithful to the spirit of "Pickwick Papers." But this is about as far as the improvement goes. George Howe in the title role seldom rises above a pleasant pictorial adequacy; Nigel Green playing the part of Jingle —which was the one played by Irving— gives a rendition that is blatantly unilateral; Estelle Winwood as the "cultural" Mrs. Leo Hunter is sparing with the subtleties of which she is acknowledgedly capable; and Clive Revill's Sam Weller jiggles more than moves, as the man said when he observed the fat lady walking down the street. The one actor who seems to have grasped the Dickens technique is Louis Hector, who plays Mr. Weller the Elder. His caricature of the candidly unhappy married man is true.

Faced with these general limitations, Director John Burrell has chosen the safe method of keeping things trotting at a swift gait and relying on the quaintness of the proceedings to hold the attention. Evelyn Anker's costumes and scenery likewise show little daring. That this is a wise course is indicated by the immediate audience response at the mere appearance of a familiar character or event, and there may be a large group of people who will find themselves edified and entertained by "Mr. Pickwick," not to mention thousands of parents who will find the play a painless way to introduce their children to Dickens. But for those who anticipated a vigorous and touching piece of theatre in which caricature and truth would collaborate—and these included the adapter (*SR* Sept. 20)— "Mr. Pickwick" will be something of a disappointment.

—H. H.

The Film Forum

SCHOOL DAYS

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

THE SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY (*14 min., color*) *and* DESIGN OF AMERICAN PUBLIC EDUCATION (*16 min.*). *Produced by United Productions of America. Distributed for purchase only* by McGraw-Hill Text Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.*

All too often schools have isolated themselves and their patrons from the fundamental aspects of dynamic community life. Like hospitals, jails, asylums, and homes for handicapped or needy people, schools in turn have been treated as necessary evils to be supported by the community in some antiquated fashion. But children need more from their elders than temporary shelter and perfunctory rules. They need a helping hand from the adult society they will one day be part of.

Still all too often, as the first of these films points out, pupils go to school because they have to; teachers pound dull facts into unwilling minds, and graduates emerge into the "real world" to see the cycle repeated with their own offspring.

"The School and Community" is a clear, outspoken illustrated lecture on why and how education can be made effective for twentieth-century living. "Design of American Education" explains the administrational and organizational set-up of our public schools, just for the record. Both are the work of UPA, the distinguished producers of animated cartoons you've been reading and talking about so much lately. They are obviously more frugal than their more famous entertainment counterparts ("Gerald McBoing-Boing," etc.), but the economy in picture and idea serves to underscore the importance of the situation. The films are based on a McGraw-Hill text-book, "Introduction to American Public Education," by Chris DeYoung. If you are particularly concerned about the multiplicity of our school problems today, you'll do a considerable community service in showing these two films to the people who seem, unfortunately, to be not particularly concerned.

PASSION FOR LIFE. *Directed by Jean-Paul Le Chanois. Distributed by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (85 min.)*

The film's emotional content rests mostly in the hands of a young teacher who brings to a small French town a whole world of new-fangled ideas about pedagogy. No more folded hands, no more memorizing, no marching, no speak - only - when - you're - spoken - to. The students find it a bit hard to get used to, but soon they respond happily and quite naturally to the exciting new life school offers them. The real test of the program lies in the teacher's attempts to capture the town's young "wild boy," Albert, first-class truant and idler.

"Passion for Life" is a French feature film with English sub-titles. It has been endorsed by practically every educational group in the country—from the American Federation of Teachers to the Young Women's Christian Association—to which can be added a wholehearted commendation from this department. Its ultimate message is remarkably close to principles outlined in the two McGraw-Hill Text-Films reviewed above. "Passion for Life" is also available for 35mm. distribution from Brandon Films.

FIRST LESSONS. *Produced by Knickerbocker Productions for the Mental Health Film Board. Distributed for purchase only* by the International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. (20 min.)*

A simplified study of the work of Ralph H. Ojemann at the Child Welfare Research Station in Iowa is incorporated in this film to show the potential value of Human Relations discussions in lower-grade classrooms. The story centers around Alan, a troubled boy new in the class who disrupts the harmonious student relationships, and a wise teacher who is able to deal constructively with the problem. The meat of the film is contained in the actual discussion which the teacher starts by telling a story, veiled but recognizably similar to Alan's, and asking the class what they would do with such a student. Perhaps the most touching moment is when Alan speaks out that the girl in the story will lose her friends if she keeps causing trouble.

It seems most important that teachers as well as parents begin to realize that children do have emotional insight and understanding. With help they can put it to constructive use for themselves and their classmates.

READING WITH SUZY. *Produced and distributed by Churchill-Wexler Films, 801 N. Seward St., Los Angeles 38, Calif. (10 min., color or black-and-white)*

The criticism is sometimes raised against modern schooling that it slights the basic three R's. Here is a little film for primary teachers to experiment with in aiding their pupils to become familiar with the printed word. Eight words form the basis of this first lesson—"Daddy," "look," "hire," "where," "is," "it," "no," "goodby." Around these words is enacted a story which should keep young children attentive and amused. The acting, commentary, and photography are commendable, and there is abundant evidence that the film was carefully planned to fulfil a real teaching need.

—CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SR* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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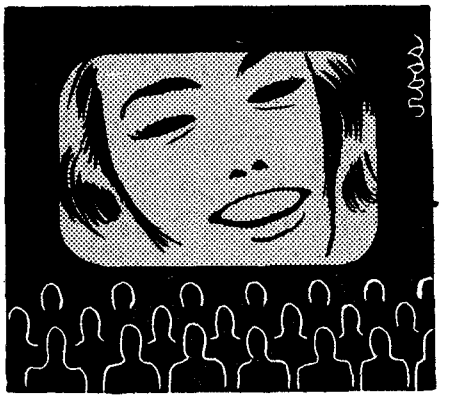
SR Goes to the Movies

FILM OF THE FUTURE?

BACK in the early days of the sound film there was considerable muttering and shaking of heads over the industry's new baby, especially on the part of two very vocal groups. "Just a novelty," snorted the producers. "Talkies will never last." The critics and the film esthetes, on the other hand, were all too sure that sound was here to stay and railed against it as a desecration of film art. And so it was—of *silent* film art. Meanwhile the great ticket-buying public swarmed in such numbers to those theatres advertising talking pictures that silent films became utterly obsolete in three short years, while the die-hard critics either ate their words or retired sulkily to the sidelines.

I venture to predict that much the same revolution is about to take place with the introduction of Cinerama, an amazing new kind of movie that had its Broadway premiere last Tuesday, September 30, and is soon to be taken on tour throughout the United States. Cinerama is not, strictly speaking, three dimensional, or "stereoscopic" as the technicians prefer to say. The images don't seem to leap off the screen and sit in your lap. Personally, I have never seen any particular advantage in that little stunt, but experimenters with various stereoscopic devices persist in such demonstrations as their favorite *pièce de résistance*. Instead, Cinerama gives a very satisfying *illusion* of space, a space that can extend back to the farthest limits of the eye and up to the very front of the proscenium. It has the further advantage of avoiding that peculiar flatness of image which has characterized all three-dimensional processes to date. These all create space, true, but the figures moving in that space seem flat, as if cut from cardboard. In Cinerama, by contrast, the figures appear to have body, thickness, roundness. And finally, in Cinerama the viewer doesn't need tinted or polaroid glasses. He sees the screen as in a normal theatre.



What then is Cinerama? Well, I'm afraid I can't be very technical about it, but imagine a screen that covers the whole proscenium of a theatre, right to left and top to bottom, and curving inwards instead of flat. A screen so big that it all but fills the entire field of vision, so big that three projectors are needed to fill it instead of one. Some sort of oscillating device obscures the lines where the three images join, so that figures can move from field to field without any perceptible break in motion. (At an early demonstration, these join lines could occasionally be detected, but the Cinerama technicians assured us that this was being overcome, and I have great respect for technicians.) Add to the tremendous, full-range screen a directional sound system, a battery of loudspeakers spaced across the back of the screen as well as along the sides and the rear of the auditorium so that sound can be physically linked to its sources. The resulting improvement in sound quality is akin to the difference between an early Edison cylinder and a modern high-fidelity recording—and even more exciting, because in addition to superb fidelity there is also reproduced now the full spread of an orchestra, the bass fiddles coming from one side of the stage, the brasses from another. It seems to be an extension of the sound system that Disney was experimenting with in "Fantasia."

The thing you notice first about Cinerama once the lights go down and the picture is thrown on the screen is the peculiarly physical way you are drawn into the action. You glide through the canals of Venice in a gondola and find yourself scrunching up your shoulders as you pass under a low bridge. You are in the front car of a roller coaster and feel the drag of the long pull up, then the sickening drop in the pit of your stomach as the car dashes downwards, the strain sidewards as it takes a curve. Or you fly through the valley of the Grand Canyon with stunt-pilot Paul Mantz—and wish desperately that someone had told you to bring your dramamine. I suspect that much of this effect is due to the size of the screen alone. The eye is filled with the image: there are no physical check-points to destroy its illusion.

Much of the material that makes up "This Is Cinerama," the two-hour show that will introduce the device around the country, is compiled from fairly random travelogue sequences. In this Cinerama strikingly parallels the very first years of the ordinary movie camera. As might be expected, the accent falls rather heavily on the ornately picturesque. There is, for example, a breathtaking panorama of the Grand Canal in Venice, fantastically beautiful air views of our national parks, all impressive for their magnitude, their color (the new Eastman process), and the perfect illusion of depth. But this is, after all, simply the old stereoscopic slide magnified to the *nth* degree. What really begins to tell us something about the future of Cinerama—and quite possibly, the future of the film as well—is a sequence shot at La Scala, Milan, of the opening scenes of Verdi's "Aida." Here we see opera as it has never before appeared on the screen, close

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SR Recommends

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The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

The Big Sky: An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classic. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

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High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

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up and living, full scale in both image and sound, the ballets executed in the round as designed, not flattened and foreshortened by a two dimensional camera. It opens up whole new vistas of an all-but-living opera, ballet, and theatre spreading throughout the United States.

This sequence also tells us some of the pitfalls of Cinerama. Because of its physical hold over an audience each cut comes as a violent wrench. A view of the La Scala opera house from the orchestra pit followed by a flat cut to a view of the stage literally jerks the spectator around in his chair. Similarly, cuts made during the performance of the opera, such as moving from a shot of the stage and the proscenium to a shot of the stage alone, causes another, though somewhat less violent, shock. On the other hand, an exceedingly long passage in the opera taken from a single set-up, which would have been deadly in the ordinary movie, was clearly the most satisfactory for Cinerama. All of which suggests that the cut, in most instances, will be replaced by the pan or the tracking shot, moving in for emphasis and out for effect. A long tracking shot in to one tremendous close-up could produce a highly dramatic effect in Cinerama. Unfortunately, its film makers have not yet equaled its technicians.

EVERY art must have its limitations. That's what makes it an art. And Cinerama, despite its approaches to realism, still leaves many artistic problems to be wrestled with. The cut is one, and basic. Another is the problem of the curved screen, which makes a flat straight background an impossibility. Yet another is the problem of staging intimate dramatic scenes in an area more suitable for a chariot race.

Already there is talk of combining Cinerama with ordinary 35mm projection, holding to a normal screen for dramatic development, then widening out to Cinerama for the spectacular ballet, the panoramic war scenes, the smash finale. The technicians say that this is completely possible and even likely. Not for a time yet, however. Present plans call for the Cinerama people to retain exclusive control over their equipment, making and exhibiting their own films for the next five years. After that, the cameras are to be turned over to whoever wants them on a lease basis.

By that time, I expect, the movie executives will have come to appreciate what a potent new weapon they have acquired in their struggle with television.

—Arthur Knight.

TV and Radio

AN OLD STAR WITH NEW TRICKS

FOR years Milton Berle has answered to the adjective "brash." His stock-in-trade has been the yak, the blacked-out teeth, the idiot's wig, the lisp, the swagger, the falling pants. But of a sudden there is a new Milton Berle among us who has begun to venture forth on a strange sea of subtlety, wit, and stiletto jest.

Consider the premier performance of the Milton Berle show in its latest incarnation. The Texaco Star Theatre curtain rises conventionally to the sound of traditional fanfares and climaxes while the name Milton Berle (in very small type) is swept with a magnifying glass. The shrinkage establishes the motif for the new Berle. Gone is the unrestrained egocentric; in his place we find a put-upon comedian who recalls his erstwhile spotlight despotism and tries modestly and valiantly to adjust.

He makes his entrance as one of a vast flutter of chorus boys. A strong-minded producer begins to criticize his stale jokes and his habit of walking on the sides of his feet. When the producer uses the word "incongruous," an off-screen voice—raffishly employing a quiz-show technique—defines it for the viewers. The orchestra leader and a personable young guitarist pay him no star homage. A light-headed secretary takes a letter of complaint from Mr. Berle and romantically reveals that she is keeping a turkey in the oven for him for Thanksgiving—on a low flame.

Uncle Miltie—"turkey in the oven."

Guest-star Martha Raye then proceeds to pump him full of rebellion in a dressing-room scene and the "pathetic king of TV, loved by millions of decadent kids" shines her shoes and irons her costume, after which Miss Raye sings "There's No Business Like Show Business" in a backstage sequence without a single, empty-footed dancing boy or girl to jar against the character of the performer or the mood of the song.

The scene shifts to a drugstore counter where star-on-an-errand Berle swaps epigrammatic insults with another guest, Dennis King, but now it is Mr. Television who is on the tart receiving end. A colloquy by Berle, King, and guitarist Bobby Sherwood on music for a scene from "Macbeth" pays off with a bright musical number—once more without unmissed production dancers. For a moment the swiftly paced program stumbles over a ventriloquist and his dummy in a wooden commercial, but then Mr. King speaks the Dagger Soliloquy from "Macbeth" and the hand that grips the imaginary blade draws up the show and sets it on the rails again. All credit goes to the director, Greg Garrison, for permitting Mr. King to face the camera, close, unmoving, and pin his audience to the pointed tip of tension with the unsceneried impact of swift and excellent reading.

Can this be the Berle show? One has no time to pinch oneself. A delicious ribbing of "Dragnet" (the current clipped and mono-emotional style-setter among crime programs) follows apace, with Milton Berle, official eye from Scotland Yard, questioning Lady Beth (Martha Raye) and Mac (unidentified). Even Berle's questionable rapport with Uncle Miltie's nieces and nephews (synonomous with America's kiddies) is managed with simplicity and restraint toward the program's end.

If any of my readers have avoided the Berle program because of its former reputation, I now commend it to them. The fun—it should be noted—lies primarily not in the jokes and the bits and the characters; it lies rather in the presence of a first-rate American humorist who is the chief writer of the show and who is responsible for its integrated conception, its brilliant effect. That humorist is our own Goodman Ace. The months ahead will tell us whether the viewers of TV comedy-variety shows justify the faith that Mr. Ace has placed in them.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Music to My Ears

"TOSCA" WITH SERAFIN AT CITY CENTER—"DANCERS OF BALI"

THE only white tie at the opening of the New York City Center opera season belonged to Tullio Serafin, wearing it as his badge of office on the conductor's podium, but the occasion made some of us feel almost as cheery as the later, lavish festivities further downtown. Not only has the company come to stay, but its repertory is ever more assuming an individual look, as is right, proper, and highly desirable.

However, you can hardly open an opera season with "Bluebeard's Castle" by Bartok, so the ceremonial text was "Tosca," with an American trio of Anne McKnight, Walter Cassel, and David Poleri as standard bearers. In totality an upper middle-class "Tosca," it lacked, for true effectiveness, what one thought the well-versed Serafin would provide in abundance—integration, a powerful flow of drama, a secure over-all line. For all the shapely phrases and distinction of timbres Serafin wrought in the pit, the progress of the action was discontinuous. Perhaps Serafin has not heard, in the twenty years since he was last among us, that applause can be curtailed by the conductor when it gets in the way of the action. He was quite content to let it run its exaggerated course, resuming business as usual thereafter.

The opening demonstration for Poleri's "Recondita Armonia" put the followers of Miss McKnight and Cassel on their mettle, and the lady's "Vissi d'arte" was barely concluded when a hoarse cry of "Brava" rent not only the air but the mood. However this need not be held against the singer who comes back from five years in Italy with a lovely talent on the threshold of possibly fine things. Still something of a princessly rather than a queenly Tosca, she offered an excellently detailed dramatic treatment of the part and, at best, a warm, ample voice for it. If one was too often conscious of individual actions and movements than of a total impersonation, Miss McKnight is at least building bricks from straw rather than attempting the more usual, and impossible, opposite.

Cassel's well-conceived Scarpia was better sung than any time in the past, and could become something notable. All the externals are there, but a bit of restraint in giving them expression would aid materially. As for Poleri, his crude vocal habits and bumptious stage personality are gradually taking precedence over the values of his naturally fine voice, meaning that he is trending from being an interesting performer to being just another tenor. One would imagine that the experienced hand of Serafin could apply the brakes: but the first evening suggested that we may be in for a season run by the musical traffic laws of Italy, rather than something more enlightened. At the later "Traviata," Serafin's influence on the orchestra was even more notable, though its refinement was not always paralleled by Frances Yeend's Violetta. Poleri and Cassel were much as in "Tosca."

THERE are few things I know less about than the music and dance of Bali, which clearly defines the limits of the observations I have to offer on "Dancers of Bali" now in mid-engagement at the Fulton Theatre. I found it full of gorgeous splashes of color, both aural and visual, some monotony, and a richness of detail suggesting that far more than mere good will is required for its comprehension.

As most are aware, the females who comprise the main performing elements are barely more than children, whose limber bodies and mobile faces are considered superannuated at fifteen. The prodigies of disciplined action they accomplished in the more abstract dances were amazing if not overly expressive to my eye, but in the classic Legong which climaxed the program, little Ni Gusti Raka manipulated herself into the likeness of a golden-winged bird that was all theatrical magic and shimmering grace. Not to be missed, either, is the "Monkey Dance" performed by one of the mature male members of the troupe, with its chanted verbal chorus of sibilants, shouts, and rhythmic chattering noises. The "gamelan" (or orchestra) of struck metal bars, deep gongs, thin bamboo pipes, and various percussion are a must for the ear-minded. The cascades of sound are vastly stimulating, though only for a short time span.—IRVING KOLODIN.

Record Week

ALTHOUGH one rarely hears the word "casting" applied to the production of recordings (other than operas) as it is to the drama, there is very good reason why it should be a strong consideration in the planning of major works, especially concerti. Here it is not a matter merely of matching a soloist to a composition and hoping for the best; but the more delicate problem of balancing star quality with star quality so that, in the end, the pull of the work itself is asserted equally through both soloist and conductor.

A trio of current productions invites inspection from this important aspect, and they show, unmistakably, that the best results are attained by the pairing of Vladimir Horowitz and Fritz Reiner in a recording of the Beethoven "Emperor" which is quite the best new one of the LP period (RCA Victor LM 1718, $5.45). Strong in outline, beautifully mated in sound, Reiner's orchestral part is nowhere slighted, Horowitz's solo voice given its due but no more. The Horowitz kind of Beethoven appeals to me less than the Schnabel for the simplest of reasons—in one, the end is performance, in the other, a communication. Too often the wonderfully even fingers of Horowitz go over, instead of into, the musical phrase; the perfect *articulation* takes precedence over the proper *accentuation*. However, it is hard to imagine the slow movement more beautifully played, or the whole sound pattern of the work more clearly set forth. Excellent Carnegie Hall reproduction.

In the others, Jascha Heifetz and Sir Malcolm Sargent mesh less steadily but at most high points in a performance of the Bruch G minor concerto (RCA Victor LM 9007, $5.45) that has to be compared with the also-new Zino Francescatti-Dmitri Mitropoulos (Columbia ML 4575, $5.45) for one to appreciate how good it is. I am sure Mitropoulos could write this score from memory, but Sargent knows the music better if not the score as well, and doesn't permit prominent thematic elements to be engulfed by waves of soloistic embellishment. Strong as Francescatti's tonal production is, it is no match for the luster and richness of Heifetz. The second sides of both issues are decidedly unremarkable, with Heifetz playing well (with Emanuel Bay) the rather vacuous D minor sonata of Saint-Saens, and Francescatti offering rather brassily unromantic playings of the two Beethoven "Romances" (in G and F) with Mitropoulos. —I. K.

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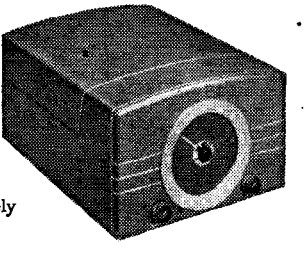

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THE CRITICS SEPARATE WHEAT FROM CHAFF

(*Continued from page 23*)

riders on the Great Plains in the days of the Old West. (Tinkle.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By F. M. Thompson. New York: Oxford University Press. $6.
A new and quite readable biography by a British authority. (Tinkle.)

THE NEED FOR ROOTS. By Simone Weil. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.
An exposition of a "religion for moderns" by a French spiritual philosopher who died during the war. (T. Sherman.)

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS. By Thomas Hornsby Ferril. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.
Poems of America, past and present, in terms of the country around Denver, Col. (Derleth.)

ONE SKY TO SHARE. By Father R. L. Bruckberger. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.
A memoir by a French priest who was a leader in the resistance during the Nazi occupation. (J. Sherman.)

PATTERN FOR LIBERTY. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $7.50.
The story of Old Philadelphia in text and color pictures. (Hass.)

PICTURE: A Story About Hollywood. By Lillian Ross. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50.
An account of the filming of "The Red Badge of Courage." Based on a series that appeared in *The New Yorker*. (Flowers.)

PIONEER'S PROGRESS. By Alvin Johnson. New York: Viking Press. $5.
The autobiography of the founder of New York's New School for Social Research. (Babcock.)

PORTRAITS BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Edited by Frederick W. Hilles. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75.
Biographical sketches of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and Gibbon by the distinguished eighteenth-century portrait painter. (Hass.)

POSTMARKED MOSCOW. By Lydia Kirk. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
Life in the Russian capital as seen by the wife of a former American ambassador. (Beck.)

REPORT FROM PARADISE. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.
The full text of "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" and the text of "Letter for the Recording Angel" for the first time in book form. Both are savage satires on religious humbug and bigotry. Introduction by Dixon Wecter. (T. Sherman.)

SELECTED PROSE OF BERNARD SHAW. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $6.
More than 1,000 pages of music and drama criticism, biography, essays on Socialism, fiction, etc. (Kogan.)

THE SIGN OF JONAS. By Thomas Merton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50.
A journal Thomas Merton kept for five years after completing the writing of "The Seven Storey Mountain." (Flowers.)

THE SKIN. By Curzio Malaparte.. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.
A disturbing report on Italy at the time of its liberation by the American army. (Kogan.)

SMITH'S LONDON JOURNAL. By H. Allen Smith. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.
An account of the humorist's first visit to England done somewhat in the manner of James Boswell's "Journal." (Nelson.)

SOUTH OF FREEDOM. By Carl T. Rowan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
A Negro reporter for a Minneapolis newspaper revisits his native South and reports what he encountered there. (J. Sherman.)

SPIRITUAL REVOLUTION. By Pierce Harris. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75.
A plea for a Christian renaissance. (Shockley.)

ADLAI E. STEVENSON OF ILLINOIS. By Noel Busch. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75.
A biography of the Democratic Presidential nominee. (T. Sherman.)

STRANGE EMPIRE: A Narrative of the Northwest. By Joseph Kinsey Howard. New York: William Morrow & Co. $6.
The story of an independent Indian state set up in defiance of the Canadian Government for a dramatic ten months in 1870. (Nelson.)

THE STREAM OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Leland D. Baldwin. New York: Richard R. Smith. Two vols., $16.
A political and social history profusely illustrated. (Snajdr.)

THE THREAD OF LAUGHTER. By Louis Kronenberger. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.
Essays on the great English comic dramatists by a New York drama critic. (Kogan.)

THE TRAITORS. By Alan Moorehead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.
The story of the men involved in the Canadian atomic spy ring. (Douglas.)

Fiction

EIGHTEEN VOTES

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
A short novel about an old fisherman, a boy, and a great fish. (Bradley, Beck, Rothermel, Shockley, T. Sherman, Rogers, Washburn, O'Neill, Tinkle, Bond, J. Sherman, Cross, Babcock, Douglas, Kogan, Flowers, Jackson, Nelson.)

SEVENTEEN VOTES

EAST OF EDEN. By John Steinbeck. New York: Viking Press. $4.50.
The conflict of good and evil as seen in one family, stretching in time from the Civil War to World War I and geographically from Connecticut to Salinas Valley, Calif. (Rothermel, Shockley, Derleth, Jackson, Washburn, O'Neill, Tinkle, Hass, Bradley, Cross, Babcock, T. Sherman, J. Sherman, Bond, Kogan, Flowers, Snajdr.)

TEN VOTES

GIANT. By Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95.
Life among the fabulously rich in Texas. (Bradley, Flowers, O'Neill, Shockley, Babcock, Bond, Rogers, Washburn, Snajdr, Nelson.)

THE MAN ON THE DONKEY. By H. F. M. Prescott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
A long chronicle novel of the conflict of church and state during the reign of Henry VIII. (Beck, Cady, Cross, Hass, Bond, Douglas, Yeiser, Rogers, Babcock, Snajdr.)

FIVE VOTES

SIRONIA, TEXAS. By Madison Cooper. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $10.
Life in Waco, Texas, during the present century. Probably the longest novel ever to be published in this country. (Bradley, Cross, Tinkle, Rothermel, Flowers.)

THREE VOTES

THE LAST SEPTEMBER. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
Life among the Anglo-Irish aristocrats during the "troubled times" of the Twenties. A reissue of Miss Bowen's little-known second novel. (Douglas, Kogan, J. Sherman.)

PRISONER OF GRACE. By Joyce Cary. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
The life of a great man as seen by "the little woman." (O'Neill, Derleth, Kogan.)

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY. By Tom Lea. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75.
A story of the Texas-Mexican border approximately half a century ago. (Wesch, Tinkle, Jackson.)

TWO VOTES

THE DISTANT SHORE. By Jan de Hartog. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
The adventures and loves of a Dutch tugboat captain during World War II and after. (Beck, Nelson.)

HAPPY RETURN. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
Continuing the chronicle of Miss Thirkell's mythical Barsetshire. (Douglas, Hass.)

HEAVEN PAYS NO DIVIDENDS. By Richard Kaufman. New York: Viking Press. $3.50.
Rodie Stamm tries to overcome the cynicism that grips him and his whole generation in present-day Western Germany. (Rothermel, Yeiser.)

RAMPOLE PLACE. By Isabella Holt. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50.
Life in the family of a Senator from the Middle West between 1906 and 1912. (J. Sherman, Nelson.)

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR. New *York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.
A collection of the work of one of the most gifted Irish writers alive today. (Cross, T. Sherman.)

YOU, THE JURY. By Mary Borden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.
What happens when a man attempts to live the teachings of Christ in modern England. (Cady, Rothermel.)

ONE VOTE

AUTUMN THUNDER. By Robert Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
What happened to Larry Summers between the years of glory as an All-American and the obscurity of middle age. (Flowers.)

BIG BEVERAGE. By William T. Campbell. Atlanta: Tupper & Love. $3.95.
The saga of a soft drink and the fortunes it made. (Shockley.)

BREAD FROM HEAVEN. By Henrietta Buckmaster. New York: Random House. $3.
The impact of two refugee boys on a small New England town. (Jackson.)

THE BUILD-UP. By William Carlos Williams. New York: Random House. $3.50.
A pleasant family novel, with a New Jersey setting, by the prominent poet and short-story writer. (Derleth.)

CATHERINE CARTER. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95.
A romantic novel suggested by the career of Sir Henry Irving. (Beck.)

CHILDREN OF KAYWANA. By Edward Mittelholzer. New York: John Day Co. $4.
A many-generation story of Dutch and natives in Guiana. (T. Sherman.)

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM. New York: Doubleday & Co. Two vols. $10.
Ninety-one stories in all. (Derleth.)

THE SPIRE. By Gerald Warner Brace. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50.
Faculty life and strife at a small New England college. (Beck, Cady, Hass.)

THUDBURY. By Clyde Brion Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75.
The portrait of a highly successful upstate New York businessman done in a slightly satirical vein. (Babcock, Snajdr, Nelson.)

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A new edition of Henry Adams's satirical novel of post-Civil War Washington. (Yeiser.)

ELEMENT OF RISK. By Mark Derby. New York: Viking Press. $3.
Actor John Wrax goes to Somerset for a rest, but finds little as he is called to succor a damsel in distress. (Cady.)

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THE HUNTSMAN AT THE GATE. By Almet Jenks. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.
A morality tale about huntsman and foxes. (Hass.)

ISLAND PRIEST. By Henri Queffelec. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
An ordinary fisherman on a remote island without a priest undertakes to perform the duties of a cleric with complicated consequences for himself, his neighbors, and the Church authorities. (Rogers.)

THE JUNIPER TREE. By Faith Baldwin. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.
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THE LOVED AND THE UNLOVED. By Francbis Mauriac. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.
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OCTOBER ISLAND. By William March. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
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THE PARADISE BELOW THE STAIRS. By Andre Brincourt. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
Life as seen by a thirteen-year-old French schoolboy and his classmates. (Shockley.)

THE SILVER CHALICE. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.85.
The story of the maker of the Holy Grail. (Bradley.)

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A picture of Rome during its years of decay. (Douglas.)

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The chronicle of a fiery Louisiana plantation family. (Wesch.)

STEAMBOAT ON THE RIVER. By Darwin Teilhet. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.50.
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A STRANGER CAME TO THE FARM. By Mika Waltari. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
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ENGLISH FOR THE WORLD!

(*Continued from page 17*)

he said, "American children could be taught to read in a week. I can see only one thing to do—start a strike against the way English is misspelled. 'O' for example has as many sounds as the entire Moro alphabet. Unless we revolt we shall be handing on this accursed orthography to our children, to the crack of doom." But finally he succumbed and—working with linguists at Columbia University—took English lessons to Jamaica in 1943. If successful there, his methods with their geometric progression might soon conquer the non-English world and then perhaps even the English-speaking world.

WHAT Dr. Laubach says about Russia is interesting. He attributes the rapid growth of literacy there partly to Lenin's adoption of a perfectly phonetic alphabet. "The Communists reduced their fifty-eight principal languages to writing, using the new alphabet and preparing textbooks in them. Schools were set up for children and adults, and in August 1931 illiteracy became a legal offense." Russia is apparently trying some similar simplification in China.

The third effort to make English fit for the world is a much older one, the Battle for Simplified Spelling. Mencken traces its start to a British monk in the early 1200's, but it will be sufficient to start with the 1870's. Then a distinguished group of American linguists met to do something about our crazy spelling. They were Francis A. March, of Lafayette; W. D. Whitney, of Yale; S. S. Haldeman, of Penn; and F. J. Child, of Harvard. A similar group formed in England—Murray, Skeat, Sweet, Charles Darwin, Alfred Tennyson, and others. They were mostly against silent letters and the movement didn't get far until Andrew Carnegie's $25,000 a year and Theodore Roosevelt's flair for publicity pierced *thru* public indifference. In August 1906 came the famous order of President Roosevelt that the public printer should use new forms for 300 words thereafter. The humorists, conservative as usual, made fun of the new spellings, and a moss-bound Congress four months later voted that "the Printer should adhere to the standard of generally accepted dictionaries," and Harry T. Peck wrote an article on "The Collapse of the Spelling Reform Crusade."

But a Congress cannot kill the growth of a language by passing a law, and quietly and unnoticed the new order has become in most cases the accepted order. Making a comparison of the 1906 list with a 1950 Webster's dictionary, we find that about 160 are now in first preferred place, another ninety-odd in second place, and only forty-four are entirely out of the Collegiate edition of the dictionary. The list-makers made one bad guess: they thought that a t-ending would supplant an ed-ending—*crost* instead of *crossed*. That made them wrong with thirty-three words, which are now in second place or dropped.

What have we inherited from the 1906 list? A whole group that drops the British *u* in words like *labour*. A group that shifts from the French *re* to *er*, *center* for *centre*. A third group that cuts double l's to one, as in *woolen*. A fourth group that changes *ae* or *oe* to simple *e*, as in *medieval*. Other adoptions are *check* (*cheque*), *jail* (*gaol*), *draft* (*draught*), *wagon* (*waggon*), *program* (*programme*).

Even *tho* and *thru*, proposed back in 1876, seem less shocking today as we read in the papers about the N.Y. Thruway Authority, and the chain of Thorofare Markets, and as we drive "straight thru" to our motoring goals. Although the crusade for simple and phonetic spelling has lapsed in America, it continues more vigorously in England. Just two years ago a bill for simplified spelling was defeated in the British House of Commons by the narrow margin of eighty-seven to eighty-four; the bill proposed to drop three letters—C, Q, and X—and to make other changes. George Bernard Shaw, long an advocate of simple spelling, left most of his large fortune to the furtherance of a new and better alphabet, and if money talks at all, it might easily swing that three-vote margin in the other direction. It was Shaw who jeeringly proposed *ghoti* the new spelling for *fish*, *gh* pronounced as in enough, o as in women, and *ti* as in nation.

Perhaps the time is ripe for a new list of 300 words in America. If so, it is a job for the English scholars, the classroom teachers, compilers of dictionaries, and publishers in general. A little more tolerance might help; does it matter whether it's *receive* or *recieve* any more than whether it's *gray* or *grey*? Linguistic scholars have achieved a great deal of tolerance in matters of usage and grammar; so far it has failed to reach the classroom teacher.

Basic English with its minimum vocabulary, basic phonetics with its minimum of pronunciation trouble in the charts of Dr. Laubach, and basic or phonetic spelling can speed the spread of our language abroad.

AS was said before, a common language will not automatically bring peace, but it can be a step toward peace. Take India today as an example. She has a population of 390,000,000, newly freed from white domination, only nominally a part of the British Commonwealth, voting in her first election, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and mostly illiterate. The official and the commercial language has been English—British English. Though not a majority language, it is used by the more influential and ambitious. But the movement to independence has roused dislike for the language of the former rulers. India it is argued, should have its own language, Hindi, the language used by the largest minority. Dr. Laubach prepared his first chart in Hindi in 1935 and returned in 1936-37 to improve it and to chart other Indian languages with the endorsement of Nehru and Gandhi. In 1938 Laubach was back in India again, heading a nation-wide campaign, and census estimates in 1941 reported a gain of 5 per cent in literacy in the decade. This is, of course, non-English literacy.

To the north are the Russians eager to penetrate and take over. At the World Film Festival, they had twelve delegates plus six from Red China, totaling twenty while the rest of the world had only eighteen (U.S. three). Of the forty-eight films shown the Russians had eight and the Red Chinese two, most of them—perhaps all—heavy propaganda. The Italians had nine, the United States seven, mostly light entertainment. Now Russia is negotiating with India for the production of a movie in India and about India under Russian direction, and offers a reciprocal arrangement later. The importance of this approach through motion pictures is that India is still over 80 per cent illiterate, but it stands second only to the United States in movie production. It produces 275 feature films a year. At this

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moment the movies are to upsurging but illiterate India what the theatre was to upsurging but illiterate Renaissance England and Europe.

America seems far away from rising India and the encroaching masses of Russia and China, but we have a Trojan horse in the city. That is the constitution of the Republic of India, based largely on the constitution of the United States of America. It announces India as a democratic republic. The President, over thirty-five years of age, is elected for a five-year term, chosen by an electoral college. There are two houses of Congress, an upper one chosen by state legislatures; both products of universal adult suffrage. There is a Supreme Court of seven judges. Perhaps even more important, there is a bill of rights. "No person shall be deprived of his life or personal liberty except according to procedure established by law." No double jeopardy. No religious, race, caste, or sex discrimination in hotels, roads, restaurants, or public places. Freedom of worship. The right to peaceful assembly. Free speech except for immorality and the security of the state. Such is the constitution of the Republic of India. If we can defend it as well as our own, if we can keep the largest republic in the world on our side until it comes out of the morass of poverty and illiteracy, the age of anxiety may be over.

It is a double task and it requires utmost speed. The deadline is September 14, 1968. Up to that date the official language of India is English. After that the official language will be Hindi, the largest of the Indian dialects, with the Devanagari script used. There will be, however, reviews of the language situation after five years and possible modifications. Our first task in this fight for English as at least the secondary language of that Republic is to get cheap American books there so that the Indians who already can read English will go on reading it and will continue to absorb democratic American ideas in spite of the national turning to Hindi. If by some miracle one small American essay, like Thoreau's "On Civil Disobedience," would influence just one individual Indian, like Gandhi, that would be a great victory.

The other task is to simplify our language after the ways of Ogden's Basic English and the spelling reforms so that the Laubach methods can be used not only to make Indians literate in their own tongues but also in ours. It is warfare against the Soviet dictatorship without bloodshed, a war against illiteracy and the poverty and disease that accompany it, a war for democratic American ideas, and for world peace.

M

Report on Marie

Physical Condition: Undernourished
Tall, pale
Age: 8
Address: Austria
Needs: Marie is very badly off. She needs clothes, shoes, more food—

Marie is only 8—and already she is the *"little mother"* to her younger brother and twin baby sisters. Their mother, weak from abdominal trouble, is often in a charity hospital. Two miserable rooms in an Austrian refugee barracks camp are what they call home. . . . The father's wages, from working at road-mending, come to about $10 a *week*, and since most of this is needed for the twins' food, little Marie and her 6-year-old brother get only what is left—sometimes nothing.

The case worker's report says "Marie loves taking care of the twins, looking like a little mother and already is taking full responsibility. She is a sweet, lovely child, clever and bright." At the tender age of 8, she is another innocent victim of war's ravages and destruction, the family having lost everything through bombing.

Marie needs shoes, a new frock, and a coat for the winter. The old one is outgrown and worn out. And she must have more food. For us it is so little, but for her and her family it is everything—the hope for a brighter and healthier life.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Marie or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $96 a year ($8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, or Lebanon.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 36)

logue of the 1950's, and at least one point the authors so forget their time sequence as to date an event before the other event that caused it. Nor are we ever quite sure who or what the story is supposed to be about.

But having admitted and examined these defects, it is fair to say that the book has a number of positive virtues. In spite of the improbable dialogue, most of the characters are alive and usually doing things that people do. There is a distinctly good sense of the sea in the book, and almost as good a sense of what Micronesia was like in the early years of the last century. Best of all, the story holds interest throughout; it is never tedious, moralizing, or dull, the reader becomes genuinely interested in the outcome.

Probably this is due to the fact that in the story of the mutiny on the whaling ship *Globe* and the exotic fates that befell most of her crew the authors had a story that no handling could ruin, provided only that they furnished it with a decent narrative line. They have proved quite capable of that; of leading the reader through the long series of bloody and strange events up to an end which is not a climax, but at least completes the story. Whether it would be a better book if more highly fictionalized is something of a question, but it could hardly have been improved by a more straightfaced adherence to history.

—Fletcher Pratt.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH GUY: In **"Guy Renton"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50), Alec Waugh has written a pleasant, rambling chronicle of the life of a well-to-do London wine merchant, old enough to have served with distinction in the war of 1914-1918, belonging to a large family all of whose members are described in detail and whose lives are traced from 1925 to 1940. Guy Renton is a gentleman; he assists a younger brother with flexible standards of morality, he sympathizes at the right moments with an unorthodox sister. He reads—not very much, but sufficiently—and thus helps Mr. Waugh fill in the artistic history of the Twenties and Thirties without dragging in palpably extraneous matter.

But—and a big but it is—the pure woman whose love sustains Guy is a Married Woman. This liaison begins in Chapter I and ends in 1940, although it is carried forward to 1946 by means of a flashback. Therefore Guy never makes the appropriate sort of marriage, never produces an heir to the wine business, never ultimately conforms entirely. If one did not know that Renée was the wife of another man, however, one would have the greatest difficulty in distinguishing "Guy Renton" from the many English (American, Canadian, French, German) family chronicles that it so much resembles. No husband and wife ever had a more connubial or uneventful marriage than Guy and his Renée. And, since one cannot think that Mr. Waugh is preaching immorality, one can only suppose that he has attempted, with no obvious success, to vary an invariable pattern.

The plot is tricked out with a number of devices that permit Mr. Waugh to glance at many aspects of British life during the period with which he is concerned. Guy's charming scapegrace brother, for example, first represents the Bright Young People through his irresponsible behavior at Oxford, and later through his hasty marriage to a divorcée who keeps him in style in France. Still later, he becomes a partisan of the Spanish Loyalists and dies in Spain. Guy's brother-in-law Rex drifts in and out of a series of Fascistic lunatic-fringe associations, and is last seen being locked up for the duration. And not a moment too soon.

And so it goes, down the stream of English social history with Guy Renton. But since we find so little to respond to in poor Guy, the context in which he lives out his life is hardly more real or vivid than he.

—Milton Crane.

LABOR AND LOVE: Jane Kesner Morris has tried to fuse a number of disparate elements into her novel of the latter part of the nineteenth century, **"Julie"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.50). First there's Julie's love story, how she turned down the respectable but dull young attorney who went on to become a member of Parliament, loved, did not dare to marry the rising young rebellious Irish playwright, and finally loved and did marry Leon who turned from a successful business background to the rising labor movement in Amer-

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic (No. 966)

(EDGAR ANSEL) MOWRER: *CHALLENGE AND DECISION*

In fact, the worse the tension with the U.S.S.R. becomes, the greater the advantage in demonstrating the desire of the American people for peace on a just and equable basis. In so doing Washington would . . . snatch the political initiative. .

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ica. The second element is the glamour-world of the American theatre. And the third is the struggles of the workers to organize and better their working conditions. The author has gotten everything in; love scenes, family scenes, scenes of domestic trouble and tragedy, glimpses of theatrical glitter, soup kitchens in New York, the Haymarket riot in Chicago. She has also dusted off a number of personages from the historical waxworks—P. T. Barnum, Samuel Gompers, Victoria Woodhull, and a few others—who add to the weight but not the liveliness of the proceedings. The trouble is there's just too much story and Miss Morris's prose isn't quite agile enough to keep her tale from sprawling uninterestingly. She has also a few mannerisms likely to stop you dead in your tracks. One is a perverse inclination to report phonetically the speech of persons with colds in their heads. This isn't funny even once, but Miss Morris repeats the trick a great number of times throughout the book. It is noted here as an instance of a lack of the discrimination which might have tightened up her story and made it as readable as it is seriously intentioned.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

KANTOR RIDES AGAIN: MacKinlay Kantor is back on the frontier again and the frontiersmen are holding off the marauding Indians with their customary bravery. There are two short novels—or long short stories—in his newest volume, appropriately titled **"Warwhoop"** (Random House, $2.50). The first tells how Lieutenant Shaky Boyce outwits a nasty sutler who has been selling rifles to the Indians, beats off an attack by some war-whooping Sioux, and wins the hand of his commanding officer's daughter. The furiously disjointed action is held together by a modicum of plot which has to do with how Lieutenant Shaky gets rid of the shakes. True love does it. The second story—in which some brave Missourians hold off an attack on their fort by Saux Indians and lovely Syria Dallas is captured by an Indian who turns out to be a captive himself and so becomes the object of her love—is strictly assembly-line stuff. It even has that scene—obligatory in motion pictures—in which the heroine masquerades as a boy. Ole Dan'l Boone has a part too, setting things right like a little tin god and generally behaving as if he'd strayed over from a children's comic book. Movies, I understand, are better than ever.

—E. J. F.

WORLD WAR III: French-born writer Philip Reynolds has jumped the gun on the governments of the world and

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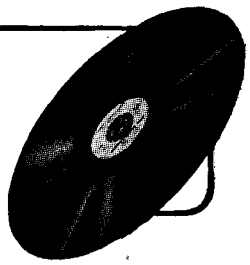

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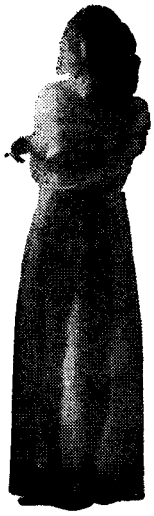
projected us right into World War III. His novel **"When and If"** (Sloane, $3) takes place in the fairly near future. The Russians, it is his story, are going to overrun Western Europe and most of Asia. Then they are going to get into trouble and a few judiciously used super power bombs are going to start things rolling in the other direction. All this is told in the dry, factual autobiographical style of an on-the-spot newspaper reporter. Actually, the reporter is an intelligence officer, working behind the Russian lines. At one point his disguises get so complicated that he is an intelligence officer of the British posing as a French Communist, and being used by the Belgian Communists to spy upon the French and British forces in retreat. This makes for close and complicated reading but is not very exciting. The whole thing, as a matter of fact, is unbelievably dull considering the potential explosiveness of the material. The fault lies partly in the style, which is so unemphatic as to give the effect of a rewrite of last year's newspaper. The other fault lies in the substitution of a plethora of geographic detail for some dramatic imagination. There's an old story about a child who said: "Someday somebody is going to give a war and nobody will come." —E. J. F.

ESCAPE: Michael Gilbert has nicely combined some elements of the straight detective story with plenty of action, suspense, and adventure, to produce a superior thriller in **"The Danger Within"** (Harper, $3). The scene is a prisoner-of-war camp in Italy during World War II. The principals are captured British officers. Their problem is to escape. They have been tunneling beneath the camp for some months but they must complete their efforts soon. With the Allied invasion near they may be turned over to the Germans. It is at this point they discover that all of their plans, actions, and secrets are somehow getting to the Italian commander of the camp. One of their number is a traitor. Thereafter Mr. Gilbert skilfully unwinds the twin threads of his narrative. Can they discover the traitor? Can they complete the tunnel and escape in time? The action is swift, forceful, and engrossing; the prose is clean, and the characterization considerably more solid than in the usual adventure story. As an epilogue to his highly charged climax Mr. Gilbert promises another adventure of the same general type. —E. J. F.

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA: Elizabeth Siefert is completely at ease with the scalpel-and-stethoscope set. Having won a $10,000 literary award with her first novel, "Young Doctor Galahad," she has continued to devote her considerable output to the followers of Aesculapius. Although her latest book, **"The Doctor Takes a Wife"** (Dodd, Mead, $3), reveals her mastery of medical background and jargon, its plot and

A novel of adolescent love in fascist-ridden Italy by Elio Vittorini

"One of the very best of the new Italian writers."
—*Ernest Hemingway*



"Deserves a high place among the contemporary novels that explore the formative years."
—Harvey Curtis Webster
Saturday Review

"Has its own spicy fragrance and its own distinctive hue."
—*Herald-Tribune*

The Red Carnation

by ELIO VITTORINI

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Just Up the Road

By Constance Meredith

So delicate a fringe, the haberdasher knew
To hang along the wayside—violet-blue
Wild asters—which compel the eye
From earth to sea—from sea to sky—
All blues unlike—and yet they're one
Through common ancestry of sun.

This is a day designed for me,
Sweet with the salt tang of the sea;
A little token wind is blowing
Against—but tenderly my going—
(I shan't be going far to-day,
Just up the road a little way)
But with what royal pomp I go!
My horse, the waves, their mettle show,
My messengers—the gulls a-wing—
Are fit announcers for a king!
And stands my color guard at ease—
A gaudy regiment of trees.
The grapes are burst—the sumach's glowing—
And all my heart's alive with knowing
My kingdom's come to earth today!
(Just up the road a little way.)

October morning by the sea,
This wealth and glory comes to me!
"She ain't been far," the neighbors say,
"Just up the road, a little way."

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characters are hackneyed. There is the personable young surgeon, Dr. Phil Scoles, who contracts a bad case of idealism and abandons a promising career in a Western clinic to embark on medical research in St. Louis. There is his staunch colleague and long-suffering friend who relates the story. And there are the three women who have marital designs on the irresistible Dr. Scoles: a possessive hometown beauty, a coldly brilliant scientist, and a bleeding-hearts newspaperwoman. A skiing accident rids him of the first, and frees him for a humanization treatment of the second, while the final contender works out her own cure. Are medical men always torn between research and practice? And are mere men always confronted with a choice between beauty, brains, and passion? This stereotyped fare may be surefire for women readers with a weakness for charming bedside manners, but it can hardly be taken seriously as a novel of medical mores. —RAY PIERRE.

PERIOD PIECE, LARGE SIZE: Isabella Holt has jam-packed a lot of novel into **"Rampole Place"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), a lot of characters, a lot of intricate story, a lot of ethical issues, and a lot of period touches. But the whole adds up to much less than the sum of its parts. Center of it all is old Senator Horace Rampole and his family. Somewhat more than a caricature but less than a credible character, the Senator is having trouble on the national scene where the conservative Taft of that earlier era is in conflict with the rambunctious Teddy Roosevelt. He is also having trouble with his own political activity in his middle-western home town: when and how to compromise with "the machine." Finally there are his children and their compatriots growing from a startlingly dewy-eyed innocence into a dubious maturity, finding out things, questioning values, experiencing change. Despite a certain slap-dash vitality in the writing and a brisk prodigality with plot, Miss Holt wasn't able to make me feel that her characters and their concerns are more than tedious. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. *The New Yorker*. 2. *New York Sun*. 3. *Atlantic Monthly*. 4. *Southern Literary Messenger*. 5. *American Mercury*. 6. *Century*. 7. *Emporia Gazette*. 8. *Story*. 9. *Criterion*. 10. *Life*. 11. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. 12. *North American Review*. 13. *Overland Review*. 14. *Dial*. 15. *Saturday Evening Post*. 16. *Commercial Advertiser*. 17. *Lady's* [illegible] 18. *Ladies' Home Journal* 19.

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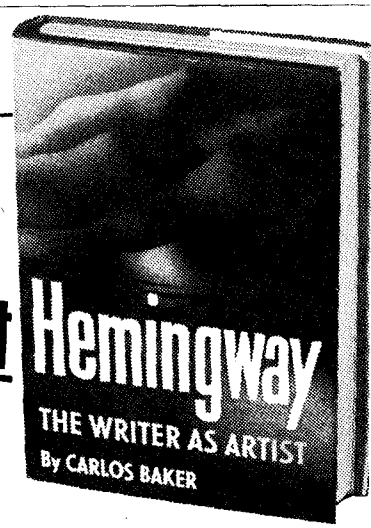

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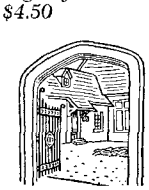

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SR's World Calendar

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cultural, folklore, musical, scientific, trade, dramatic, and sporting events of unusual interest are shown for the countries listed during November, December, and January. Asterisks indicate the ten top events in this month's calendar.*

Austria

ART SHOW *(Nov.–Dec., Vienna):* Fall, Christmas exhibit of painting, sculpture.
WINTER SPORTS: *(International ski-jumping meets, Innsbruck, Jan. 6, Salzburg, Jan. 11; International Hahnenkamm Race, Kitzbuehel, Jan. 17, 18.)*

Belgium

ST. HUBERT'S DAY *(Nov. 3, St. Hubert):* Religious pilgrimage, exhibition of relics, blessing of dogs.
FAIRS: *(Dec. 4, Arlon; Dec. 26, Virton; Jan. 1, Arlong):* Giants, favorites at Belgian carnivals, featured.

Britain

CONCERTS: *(Royal Albert Hall, London, Nov. 4; Dec. 6; Jan. 9, 10. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, London, Nov. 2, 6, 9, 23, 24, 28; Dec. 2, 5, 7, 9, 11, 18; Jan. 25.)*
*LORD MAYOR'S SHOW *(Nov. 10, London):* One of London's more spectacular annual displays of pomp, tradition. Parade a highlight.
BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS *(Dec. 19–Jan. 31, London):* British version of the "big top" at Olympia.
CHELSEA ARTS BALL *(Dec. 31, London):* Yearly celebration at Royal Albert Hall.
RUGBY FOOTBALL *(Jan. 17, Cardiff, Wales):* Wales vs. England.

Canada

FAIR *(Nov. 1, Ottawa):* Ottawa's winter exhibition.
DOG SHOW *(Nov. 7, 8, Victoria, B.C.):* Vancouver Island Dog Fanciers' show.
FAIR *(Nov. 14–22, Toronto):* The annual Royal Winter Fair.
FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP *(Nov. 29, Toronto):* The Grey Cup Match, Canadian final, at Varsity Stadium.
CHEESE EXHIBITION *(Dec. 2, 3, Belleville, Ont.):* Annual display of cheeses from British Empire.

France

*GASTRONOMICAL FAIR *(Nov. 1–16, Dijon):* Foods of France displayed, sometimes sampled in a huge tent.
RACING: *(Auteuil race course, Paris: Grand prix d'automne, Nov. 2; Prix Montgomery steeplechase, Nov. 9; Prix Richard Hennessy, Nov. 16; Prix La Haye-Jousselin, Nov. 23; Grand Prix for three-yr.-olds, Nov. 30).*
DANCING, DRAMA *(Nov. 12–29, Charbonnieres):* Annual festival.
*WINE FESTIVAL *(Nov. 17–19, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Beaune, and Meursault):* Banquets, auctions, some sampling for small fee. Native Burgundy featured.
FAIR *(Dec. 7–23, Strasbourg):* Annual Christmas show.
RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Dec. 8, Lourdes):* The Feast of the Immaculate Conception.
MIDNIGHT MASS *(Dec. 24, Les Baux):* Religious service in an ancient church.
ZOLA EXHIBITION *(Throughout January, Paris):* Display at Bibliothèque Nationale marks fiftieth anniversary of Zola's death.
SAINT'S DAY *(Jan. 26, 27, Monaco):* Celebration honors St. Dévote.
CURRENT THEATRE ATTRACTIONS, Paris: "Le Puceau," light opera at the Ambigu; "Paris Galant," a revue at the Capucines.

Germany

DANCING CONTEST *(Nov. 2, Kassel):* Championship contests for amateurs.
"FREE MARKET" *(Nov. 1–3, Bremen):* Folk festival.
FAIRS: *(Dec. 4–24, Nuernberg; Dec. 7–21, Essen; Dec. 7–24, Wilhelmshaven; Dec. 8–20, Schweinfurt; Dec. 13–22, Kassel; Dec. 14–16, Laubach; Dec. 14–24, Hildesheim; Jan. 30–Feb. 8, Agricultural Fair, Berlin.*
CONCERTS: *(Berlin: Jan. 1, Leopold Ludwig conducting; Jan. 4, 5, Georg Solti; Jan. 11, 12, Eugen Jochum; Jan. 25, 26, Karl Bohm; Jan. 30, Igor Markewitch.*
WINTERSPORTS *(Jan. 22–Feb. 1, Garmisch-Partenkirchen):* Ninth international meet. Two- and four-seater bobsled world championship contests.

Hawaii

ALOHA WEEK *(Nov. 2–8, Maui Island):* Pageant, parades, displays.
CONCERTS: *(Honolulu: Nov. 7, 16, 18, 28; Dec. 2, 14, 16; Jan. 6, 18, 20.)*
HUKILAU *(Nov. 15, Laie Beach):* Final fishing party of season.
*BODHI DAY *(Dec. 7, Waikiki Park):* Anniversary of Buddhism marked by thousands at sunrise.
SURFBOARD CONTEST *(Dec. 25, Waikiki Beach):* Annual paddling championship.
BOWL GAME *(Jan. 1, Honolulu):* Pineapple Bowl football game between U. of Hawaii and mainland college team.

Ireland

MOTOR CYCLING *(Nov. 1, Dublin):* Moran Cup Trial.
*FEIS CEOIL AN IARTHAIR *(Nov. 15–18, Gaillimh, Galway):* Western festival of music.
SYMPHONY CONCERT *(Nov. 26, Dublin):* At the Mansion House.
MOTOR RACING *(Dec. 26, Dublin):* St. Stephen's Day Trial.

Israel

FEAST OF ST. GEORGE *(Nov. 16, Lydda):* Procession at birthplace of the saint.
EID EL MAULID E'NABI *(Nov. 29, Acre):* Ceremony at Mosque of Jazzar Pasha, where story of Mohamed's life is read, celebrating prophet's birthday.
CHANUKA *(Dec. 13–20, Modi'in):* Observance at birthplace of Maccabees in Judean Hills. Torch of freedom lighted, carried by Marathon relay teams to all parts of Israel.
CHRISTMAS *(Dec. 25, Nazareth):* Midnight Mass in Grotto of Annunciation.

Italy

OPERA, CONCERTS *(Nov., Palermo):* Fall season at the Politeama.
HANDICRAFT SHOW *(Nov. 1–30, Milan):* Fourth national show, contest for artistic handicrafts. Mosaics, textiles.
CONGRESS *(Nov. 2–9, Rome):* Thirteenth World Congress of Skal Clubs.
"PRESEPI" EXHIBITION-FAIR *(Dec., Naples):* Display, sale of Christmas cribs.
PIGEON SHOOTING *(Dec. 1–8, San Remo):* International contest; prizes worth fifteen million lire (about $25,000).
OPERA SEASON *(Late in December):* La Scala, Milan; Rome Opera, Rome; San Carlo, Naples.

Japan

*CULTURE DAY *(Nov. 3, nationwide):* Folk dancing, athletic events. Big celebration at Imperial Plaza, Tokyo.
SHICHI-GO-SAN *(Nov. 15, all shrines):* Annual pilgrimage by children three, five, seven years old.
TOSHI-NO-ICHI *(Dec. 14, shrines, temples):* Year-end fair.

Latin America

ALL SAINTS DAY *(Nov. 1, throughout Latin America):* Pilgrimages, family reunions at graves; cemeteries filled with flowers.
FIESTA OF ST. THOMAS *(Dec. 18–21, Chichicastenango, Guatemala).*
FESTIVAL OF CHALMA *(Jan. 1–7, near Cuernavaca, Mexico).* Dances, fireworks, fair.
EPIPHANY *(Jan. 6, Cuzco, Peru):* Best of ancient morality plays at church of San Blas.

Norway

EXHIBITIONS *(November, Oslo):* Marie Gudme Leth, printed materials; Borge Mogensen, and Hans J. Wegener, furniture.
THEATRE SEASON *(December, Bergen, Oslo, Trondheim, Stavanger).*
FAIR *(Dec. 4, Alta):* Annual celebration.
EXHIBITION *(December, Oslo):* Norwegian arts, crafts, industrial design.

South Africa

CONCERTS: *(Cape Town, Sundays and alternate Thursdays, Nov.–Dec., Enrique Jorda conducting. Durban, Thursdays and Sundays, City Hall, Edward Dunn conducting the Civic Orchestra.)*
RACES: *(Johannesburg, Nov. 15; Dec. 13, 20. Durban, Dec. 26.)*
*DAY OF THE COVENANT *(Dec. 16, Pretoria):* Pilgrimage to Foretrekker Monument. Ceremonies salute the pioneers.
*COON CARNIVAL *(Jan. 1, Cape Town):* Celebration similar to Mummers' Parade. Some fifty troops of 100 or more men each parade.

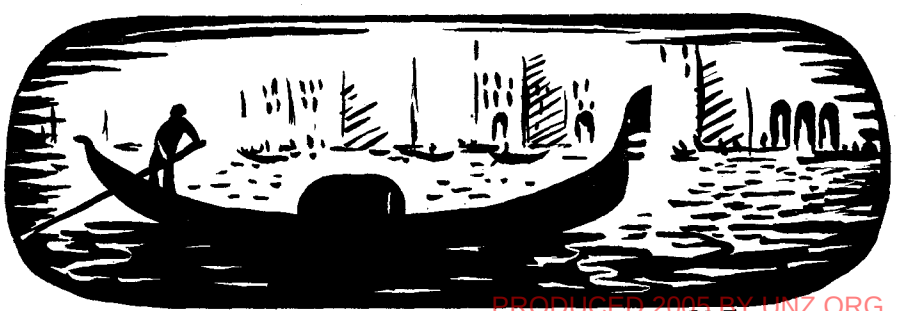
Spain

OPERA *(Nov. 25–Feb. 8, Barcelona):* Opening of opera season at Teatro del Liceo.
RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Dec. 12, Guadalupe):* Honors Our Lady of Guadalupe, patroness of Mexico.
SACRED MUSIC CONCERT *(Dec. 24, Montserrat):* Famous for music by choir of young boys.
BATTLE ANNIVERSARY *(Dec. 31, Palma de Mallorca):* Festival marks reconquest of Palma.
KINGS' DAY *(Jan. 6, Aledo):* Dramatization of "Three Wise Men from the East."
ST. ANTHONY'S DAY *(Jan. 17, Barcelona):* Traditional Festival of Three Toms. Additional St. Anthony's Day celebrations at Benicasim, Puebla de Hijar, Gallegos del Pan.

Sweden

*NOBEL PRIZES *(Dec. 10, Stockholm):* Scientific, literary prizes given here. Peace prize bestowed in Oslo, Norway.
ST. LUCIA DAY *(Dec. 13, nationwide):* Queen of Light Day features parties where young girl wears crown of lighted candles.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.



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BOOKED for TRAVEL

WILD BLUE MONDAY & OTHER STORIES

MONDAY IN THE CLOUDS: We have begun this week in what we think is a very debonair way. On what might have been an ordinary Monday we flew off in a sixty-ton airplane in mid-morning, had lunch 20,000 feet over some place in New England, and were back in our office by the middle of the afternoon.

This strange adventure came about because Trans World Airlines chose such an excursion on which to display its new Super Constellation, an airplane which is as long as two railroad cars, weighs sixty tons, and has a wingspread of 113 feet, seven inches or enough to provide shade for four sport planes.

The new Super Constellations will be used on TWA's "Ambassador" service, a luxury run that will connect Los Angeles and San Francisco with New York in jig time and great comfort. Westbound flights are scheduled for nightly "after-theatre" departures, leaving Idlewild Airport at 12:30 A.M. and arriving in Los Angeles at 8:25 in the morning. It's going to be quite a rush from the theatre, which usually breaks shortly after eleven, Idlewild being about an hour from the center of town, and considering the midtown traffic and all.

Those who make it, however, will find themselves face to face with a buffet table placed in the aft luxury lounge of the plane, groaning with such comestibles as Galantine of Duck, Spiced Shrimp with Hot Sauce, Tiny Sugared Chewy-Chews, and Summer Mints. With the edge knocked off their midnight appetites, forty-seven pasengers will then be able to recline in the latest of airline foam rubber chairs. Eight other passengers, upon payment of an extra bounty of ninety bucks, will be entitled to fold up in roomy berths which appear to be somewhat larger than the Pullman variety.

Those hightailing it for New York from the West Coast will leave Los Angeles at 9:45 P.M., arriving in New York at 10:40 in the morning. No matter which way you're going there will be one stop at Chicago. During the rest of the time the Ambassador will be whooshing along, four miles above where a man ought to be, at a speed of 300 mph or better. If that seems like shuffling with all the news of jet convert its Super Connie engines to the turbo-propeller variety, which will give it a speed of 400 mph. Anyhow, should Chicago be socked in one unfair night after theatre, the Ambassador can fly 3,250 miles at 300 mph, four miles up without having to stop for a gulp of gas.

Our Monday luncheon trip tooks us the length of Long Island, which is mighty long if you drive it or take the Long Island Railroad, and we spent the moments before lunch counting the swimming pools along the North Shore estates. We were served an ordinary dinner menu, a slate which bears sixteen items, but long before the broiled filet mignon arrived we had run out of Long Island real estate, and so the pilot was forced to double back across the Sound, and head north.

Shortly we were over Lake Winnepesaukee, a body of water renowned in New Hampshire for its incredible size and spelling. We executed spirals around the brown top of Mount Washington, highest point in the Northeast—except for us at that moment—and then headed back to Manhattan.

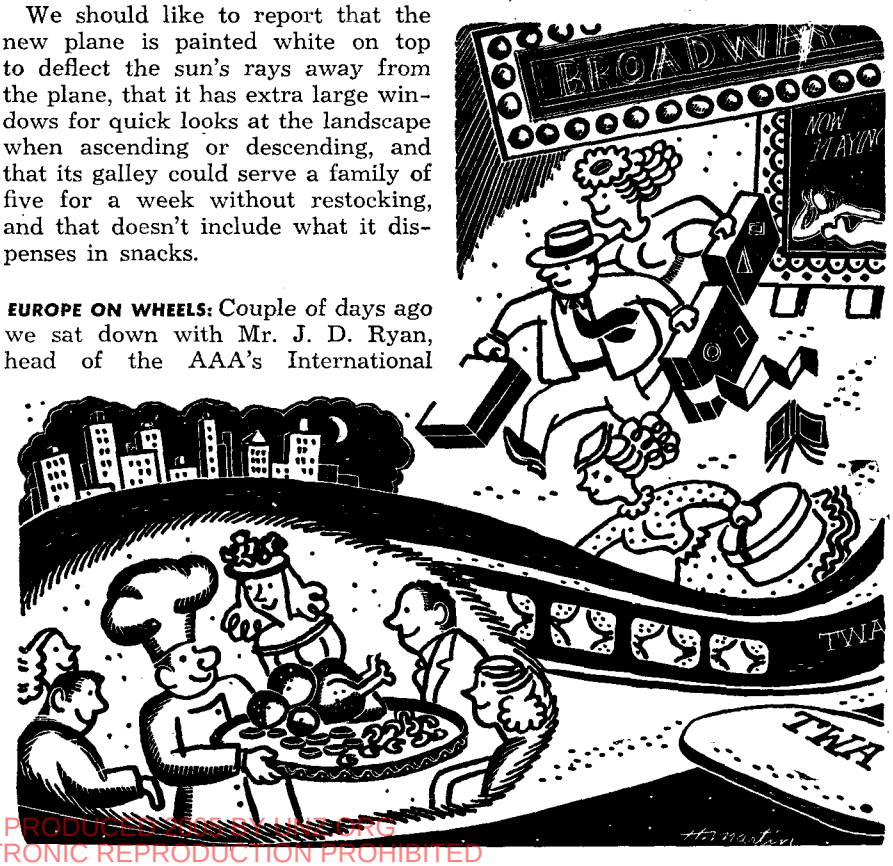
We should like to report that the new plane is painted white on top to deflect the sun's rays away from the plane, that it has extra large windows for quick looks at the landscape when ascending or descending, and that its galley could serve a family of five for a week without restocking, and that doesn't include what it dispenses in snacks.

EUROPE ON WHEELS: Couple of days ago we sat down with Mr. J. D. Ryan, head of the AAA's International Travel Department, who told us the American people had found a way of beating the high price of things on the Continent. The European continent, that is.

He said an unprecedented number of Americans had 1) taken out international driving permits; 2) bought cars for delivery abroad; 3) shipped their own cars over, and were thereby able to avoid the big expensive centers. Hotels in large European cities charge 15 per cent for service and another 10 per cent for taxes. "Remember," Ryan bid us, "for every 1,000 francs spent for lodging you can count on 250 francs for tips and taxes. And then you can't get out of the hotel without tipping."

Having a car abroad, whether hired, bought, or transported from the U. S., will also permit the traveler to avoid multiple tipping for handling the same luggage. Ryan likes to point to the boat-train trip from London to Paris. "You tip at the hotel in London, then when the baggage is transferred at Victoria Station, again when you get to Dover, once more when you get to Calais, another tip for getting it off the train at Paris, and a sixth tip at the hotel. Six times those bags were handled. If you have your own car the baggage is handled maybe twice a day, and some of it will stay in your car."

The AAA had already shipped over 4,000 cars by the end of August compared with 3,500 during the whole of 1950, which was Holy Year. Half of



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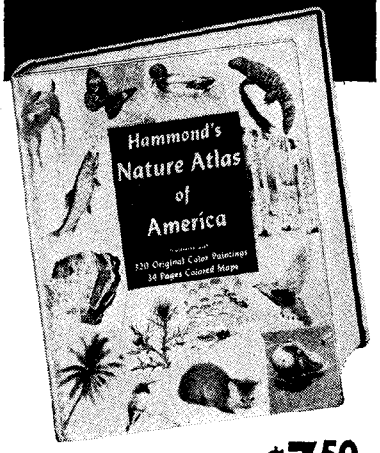

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these cars originate west of Ohio because of the saving that can be made up by families traveling across the country to Eastern ports.

About 5,000 foreign-made cars were sold in the U. S. for delivery in Europe this year, and the car-hire business abroad was never better. Everything was sold out last May for July and August, and the only chance of hiring a car from Ireland to Scandinavia to Italy was to wait for a cancellation.

From this Ryan reads the fact that American travelers have gone price conscious, and are seeking out the less expensive inns, a mode of travel only possible by car. Further, he believes that Americans no longer feel that there is a mystery to traveling in Europe. "Maybe the war did that. There's no mystery to it anymore. People are becoming more adventurous. They've found out you don't have to be a linguist and you don't have to travel around in the shadow of a personal guide."

Ryan thinks the move to the countryside is a good thing, and we do, too. He thinks that too many Americans have been contenting themselves with the large cities and have either run through the rest of the country in a train or flown over it in a plane. It is this department's idea that a conducted tour into the heartlands of Europe, touching on the big cities and concentrating on the lands between might be a welcome relief from that badly-worn route from London to Paris to Montreux to Milan, etc.

"Getting the tourist out into the countryside is going to bring understanding to the small corners of the Continent," Ryan says. He is rather proud that the automobile is providing the locomotion for carrying American people into the untraveled hinterlands. Travel agents could accomplish the same thing in bulk with buses, and with combination rail and bus and car and air tours [see *SR* April 19, 1952]. We're for Harry's Bar and the Lapin Agile, but we think lot's more could be accomplished at Whistle Stop-sur-mer.

HARVEST MOONING: If there is a man or beast in the audience who has been skunked out of a summer vacation, about the best thing that's come to our attention is an autumn week on a farm. We wrote about Farm Vacations in this space when the idea was first formulated a few years ago. The movement is in high gear now, we are happy to report, and many farms continue taking guests into the fall. Indeed, a few are open all year around.

In the autumn the rural neighborhoods report a succession of church fairs, grange fairs, husking bees, and corn roasts all taking place in the leave-turning days. Once the harvest is in, the farmers relax too, and it has become practice for them to take visitors out hunting during the fall shooting season. The first frosts will also loosen the nuts on the trees and there will be lilliputian hunts for butternuts, hickory nuts, and walnuts. Rates run about $35 per person per week, and it will cost $20 a week for children. And hark, mothers and fathers! Are you in search of a peaceful Sunday? A Saturday afternoon bereft of screams, shouts, and the patter of heavy little feet? There are some farms that take children *without* their parents. No wonder the farmers need all that help from the Government.

—Horace Sutton.

Isaac Newton

By Eric Wilson Barker

STEMS break, wax melts-
A thorn of thought worked earthward through his mind.
Apples and gods and mortals all came down
By natural causes or by accident.
Some not unmixed with glory:
That sweet boy, who like a murdered bird,
Fell wingless from the sun.
Rain fell, snow fell.
The magnet at the centre of the earth
Drew stars and stones and red-cheeked apples down.
What wonders fell towards that sleepless mole!
What little birds, what great and exiled wings!
Ripeness hung still and heavy from the bough.
He waited for apocalypse to fall,
Feeling the lodestone like another moon
Drawing the earth-shaped apple through the leaves.

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TRAVELER'S TALES

NEW WORLD CASANOVA: Louis Juchereau de St. Denis, born in Canada, joined the Iberville expedition to Louisiana and two years later was a member of Bienville's exploration party up the Red River. He is now the subject of Ross Phares's **"Cavalier in the Wilderness"** (Louisiana State University Press, $3.50). During the next few years Louis engaged in trading, both merchantile and political, along the Texas (that is, Spanish) frontier, was taken by the Spaniards, and put his captivity to good purpose by courting the commandant's daughter. Theirs was a romantic, not a political, marriage. For much of the rest of his life (he died in 1744) St. Denis made his headquarters principally at Natchitoches (pronounce "Nakatosh," please). History—French and Spanish no less than American—has treated him as everything "from patriot to traitor, from saint to scoundrel," declares Professor Phares, who "sees him as a character of rather consistently fixed purposes and principles" and submits a lively, straightforward narrative in support of his case. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

LIT'RY SIGHTS: Readers who thumb for a ride will enjoy the affectionate journey Frank Swinnerton is conducting in **"The Bookman's London"** (Doubleday, $3.50.) Local color and topography, writers' personalities and publishers, literary homes and haunts—these are the main interests of his informal meanderings through the space of London and the time between Elizabeths I and II. Although he writes with charm and accuracy about the literary men of earlier times, so have many other commentators; the chief value of his book lies rather in his first-hand reminiscences, or those he has heard first-hand, about writers and publishers. His position as writer and editor, along with his keen memory and enthusiasm, are all in his favor, as he shows throughout the very readable book. Some of his critical judgments may seem odd—his high opinion of W. W. Jacobs, for example (whose reputation today rests on a monkey's paw). But there is no harm in our being reminded that literary fashions, like skirt lengths, have their ups and downs. The great number of fresh illustrations in the book, including end-papers, helps to invoke the people and places sketched expertly in prose. A few years ago in these pages I greeted a collection of Mr. Swinnerton's essays with a loud razz; I am happy now to sound a loud huzza.

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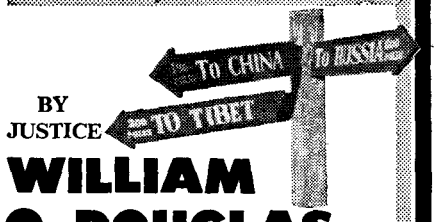

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The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE SUN *George Gamow* (Mentor: 35¢)	An authority on stellar evolution outlines in simple terms the nature of our universe as it is revealed through the latest discoveries and theories of atomic physics.	A first-rate job of popularizing scientific scholarship.
THE CAPTAIN *Russell Thacher* (Pocket: 25c)	Realistic story about a youthful LST captain headed for a Japanese island-fortress with a boatload of troubles.	Workmanlike novel that should appeal to fans of "The Caine Mutiny."
THE CARDINAL *Henry Morton Robinson* (Pocket: 50¢)	A long biographical novel about Stephen Fermoyle, born in a Boston suburb of working-class parents, who rises from parish priest to prince of the Roman Catholic Church.	Colorful subject and skilfully handled narrative combine to make absorbing reading. Some Protestant reviewers objected to the exposition of Catholic doctrine; some Catholic reviewers felt that complex subjects were handled too glibly.
THE FOREST AND THE FORT *Hervey Allen* (Dell: 35¢)	Salathiel Sabine, captured and raised as a chief's son by the Pennsylvania Shawnee tribe, returns to the white man's world, but discovers, during the siege of Fort Pitt in 1763, that his heart belongs to the red men.	Mr. Allen's poetic style and deep knowledge of history and humankind applied to a unique character and a series of exciting events results in a commendable novel.
THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS (Pocket: 35¢)	A fine new translation by Robert Graves of the second century A.D. satirical adventure tale about a young man who is accidentally metamorphosed into an ass.	A classic of ribaldry from which Boccaccio and others borrowed.
THE GRAND PORTAGE *Walter O'Meara* (Bantam: 35¢)	Spurned by his Canadian lady-love, young Dan Harmon becomes a Northwest fur trader in the 1800's. Eventually he overcomes his reluctance to the ways of the frontier and marries a beautiful half-breed.	Fine, moving chronicle that approaches real distinction in latter chapters.
IVANHOE *Sir Walter Scott* (Pocket: 35c)	Ivanhoe, back from the Crusades, clears the way for the return to England of King Richard I, in a tale filled with knights and fair ladies, conspiracies and counter-attacks, tournaments and castle-stormings.	Attractive edition containing the complete text of this stirring romantic classic.
THE ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE *Tennessee Williams* (Signet: 25¢)	A wealthy, aging American actress adrift in presentday Rome, comes a cropper with a handsome young gigolo. The distinguished playwright's first essay at the novel.	The manner is admirable, the substance somewhat repelling. A failure as a novel, but interesting nonetheless.
SOUTH SEA TALES *Jack London* (Lion: 25¢)	Eight short tales of white men and natives laid in the early years of this century.	Good yarns, though not London at his best.
THORNDIKE-BARNHART HANDY POCKET DICTIONARY (Permabooks: 35¢)	An abridged version of the "Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary," containing 36,000 entries, guides to grammatical usage, forms of address, etc.	If you've need for a good pocket-sized dictionary, this should do the trick.
THE WITCH DIGGERS *Jessamyn West* (Bantam: 35¢)	A "poor farm" in southern Indiana where her father is the superintendent provides a Gothic-like background for this story of Cate, who is undergoing the tortures of young love.	Written with the ear of a gifted poet, and the hand of a skilled craftsman.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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NEW EDITIONS

WHEN, in 1938, I read the first edition of Crane Brinton's "The Anatomy of Revolution," it struck me as one of the most fascinating and one of the soundest historical studies of our day. In it the author traced the several stages of the "fever charts" of four revolutions —English, American, French, Russian —examined the social situations in which they occurred and the character of the men who made them, and concluded with a summary of their effects. Maintaining the detachment to which he aspired, he followed as closely as possible the methods of the clinical sciences; and in the course of his study he discovered many uniformities, but not identities, that were common to his four specimen revolutions. He did not need to claim that these common factors and aspects would be found in all revolutions, past and future, in order to convince his readers that he had done an original and valuable job of historical thinking. It was a plain fact that he had succeeded brilliantly in his limited enterprise.

"The Anatomy of Revolution" has now been reissued (Prentice-Hall, $5) with additions, subtractions, and revisions. Having carefully compared the 1938 and 1952 texts, I am sure that almost every one of the changes is for the better. Among the additions are glances at the pre-revolutionary symptoms to be found in the syndrome of American society in 1952—Professor Brinton does not find them menacing. More important is the addition to a section in which he explains why Russia has not yet emerged from the Thermidorean stage of her revolution, and weighs the possibility of "permanent revolution" for Russia against the possibility of her attaining a social equilibrium that will permit her to establish "normal" relations with "the multanimous but somehow reasonably orderly West." This addendum, like the rest of the book, merits the most attentive reading.

As I have said here before, I have never agreed with the idea that textbooks should be left behind us with our school and college days. They are useful for reference, as aids in reviewing subjects with which we think we are familiar, and as introductions to new fields of knowledge. During the past few weeks I have been going printed textbooks, and I should like to list a few titles here, with brief comments.

One group that comes to hand consists of "Society in Transition" (Prentice-Hall, $6), by Harry Elmer Barnes; "Social Problems" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.25), by Gillin, Dittmer, Colbert, and Kastler; and "Man in Society" (Appleton, $4.50), by Francis J. Haas. The first examines our social problems in the light of the theory that cultural lags, of one sort or another, are responsible for most of our troubles. The second is a storehouse of social statistics, with some instruction in their use. The third, by the Bishop of Grand Rapids, answers almost any question that a Catholic might wish to ask regarding his place, duties, and human relationships.

A second group impresses me with the great improvement in textbooks that has taken place since my school years. In it are "Toward Liberal Education" and "Introduction to Literature" (Rinehart, $3.75 each), two splendid anthologies, edited by Locke, Gibson, and Arms; "An Approach to Literature" (Appleton, $4.50), a rich anthology with pedagogical notes and exercises, edited by Brooks, Purser, and Warren; and "Prose of the English Renaissance" (Appleton, $5.50), a substantial anthology, skilfully edited by Hebel, Hudson, Johnson, and Green.

The new edition of "Governments of Continental Europe" (Macmillan, $6), by James T. Shotwell and others, is the best book in its field that I know, and one that may be studied profitably in conjunction with Herbert W. Brigg's monumental, uniquely informative "combined treatise and documentary source-book on international law" —"The Law of Nations" (Appleton, $8). "Since 1900, A History of the United States in Our Times" (Macmillan, $8), by Barck and Blake, groups itself naturally with "American Political and Social History" (Appleton, $6), by Harold U. Faulkner. And Charles E. Chapman's "A History of Spain" (Macmillan, $5.75), now thirty-four years old, holds its place against younger rivals.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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THE FINE ARTS

THE UNAGING FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

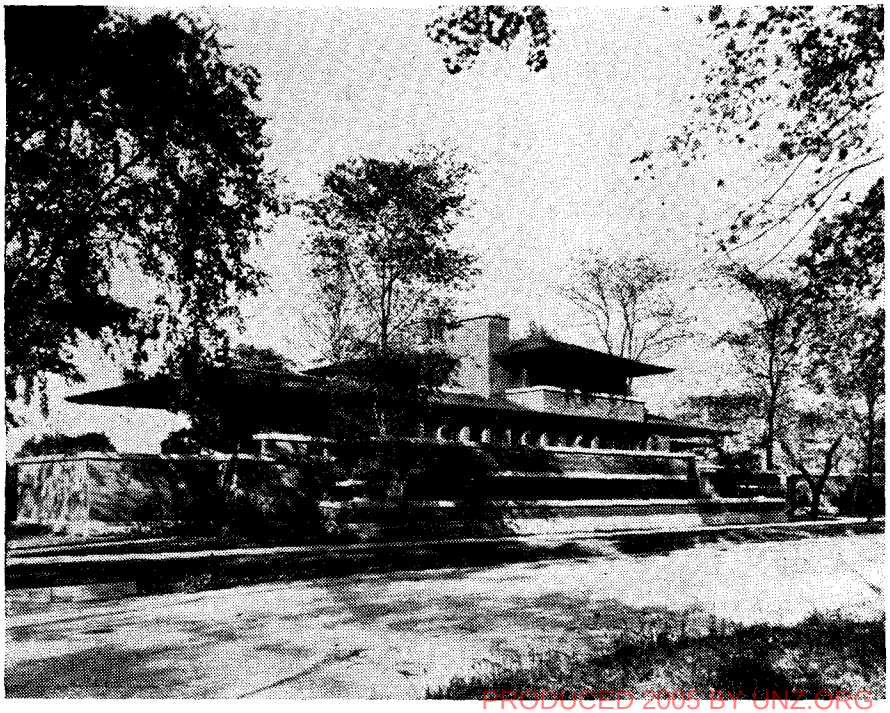
WHO can explain the mystery of creative longevity in the arts? The question is especially relevant in our time, when so many painters, sculptors, musicians, writers, and architects have collapsed prematurely after brilliant beginnings. We are not, like many eighteenth-century romantics, in love with early youth and indifferent to staying power. We would prefer our artists to gain steadily in authority to the end of their lives. They have seldom done so, and our vast progress in physiological and psychological research has still not told us why. We count the creative dead year by year and watch the ghosts of talent walk on. When we find an exception to quick depletion we hail it with awe, as in the case of Frank Lloyd Wright, who, in his eighties, remains the triumphant master of a genius that began to manifest itself sixty years ago.

Wright's recent architectural drawings are now the subject of a delightful and useful book* issued by Wittenborn & Schultz, who as booksellers and publishers have made a vital contribution to the New York art scene. The author of accompanying comments on the drawings, Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., is particularly well qualified for the task at hand. Trained originally in Wright's studios, he has maintained close contact with the master's production, while himself emerging as an outstanding critic of modern architecture and industrial design. But these facts do not account for the liveliness of his descriptions of the nineteen recent buildings and projects published in this book. I must confess that a good deal of contemporary writing on architecture has on me a soporific effect and leaves me sparring Morpheus amid a maze of structural terms. But Mr. Kaufmann takes you through the various architectural plans with the ease of a gracious host, and during the tour tells you much about Wright's aims and achievements as one of the very few absolute titans our country has produced in the visual arts.

Wright's fundamental philosophy about architecture is given in an introductory quote: "Organic buildings are always *of* the land and *for* the life lived in the building." This philosophy has been expounded at length, repeatedly, by art historians and by the master himself. It has never lost its simple, transcendental validity as an approach, even though Wright's own rationalizations have sometimes seemed a trifle overwrought. Its magic rests in the way it has been translated into actual architecture, particularly as to Wright's emphasis on the suitability of a given structure to the site on which it rests. Indeed, the first part of the quotation given above might be expanded in many cases to read: "Organic buildings are always *of and from* the land." Time after time Wright has wrenched some of the raw materials of construction from the surrounding ground. He did so for Mr. Kaufmann, Sr.'s house at Bear Run, where a quarry was built to harvest the magnificent local stone for the masonry walls; he has encased with concrete the dark boulders of a seaside lot; he has used, to quote Mr. Kaufmann, "desert rocks in large chunks, bound together by the cement poured around them"; he has taken wood from adjacent groves. His procedure does marvelous violence to the theory of our prosperous grandfathers, that architectural beauty had to be brought from afar—tiles from Normandy; walls from an abandoned, Gothic convent; mantels from the houses of Georgian London. Wright's own homes in Wisconsin and Arizona, intimately embracing locale, furnish a devastating answer to the late William Randolph Hearst's ponderous curio-shop at San Simeon. His accomplishment recalls a comment by an infinitely lesser artist, Noel Coward, who once said that what cheered him most as a writer was that he could create anywhere, with only pencil and paper in hand. Wright seemingly can build anywhere, enriching the land through use of its own resources.

It must be said, too, that Wright's "organic" premise is quite different from that of many of his illustrious colleagues. Though some of his finest works have been designed for cities, he remains essentially an architect for the country, devoted to nature and respectful of her forms. We cannot imagine him creating a house like the one by Le Corbusier, built in the late 1920's, which looks like a superbly conceived airplane newly alighted on an open field. Yet Wright has understood fully modern industry's contribution to structural techniques. For instance, his handling of pre-cast concrete blocks is both subtle and varied, as Mr. Kaufmann points out; he can be a precision machinist as well as a master craftsman in wood and stone. His revisions of technological methods have been so numerous and daring that it is easy to understand the re-

*TALIESIN DRAWINGS: *Recent Architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright.* Comments by Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., New York: Wittenborn, Schultz, Inc. $2.50.



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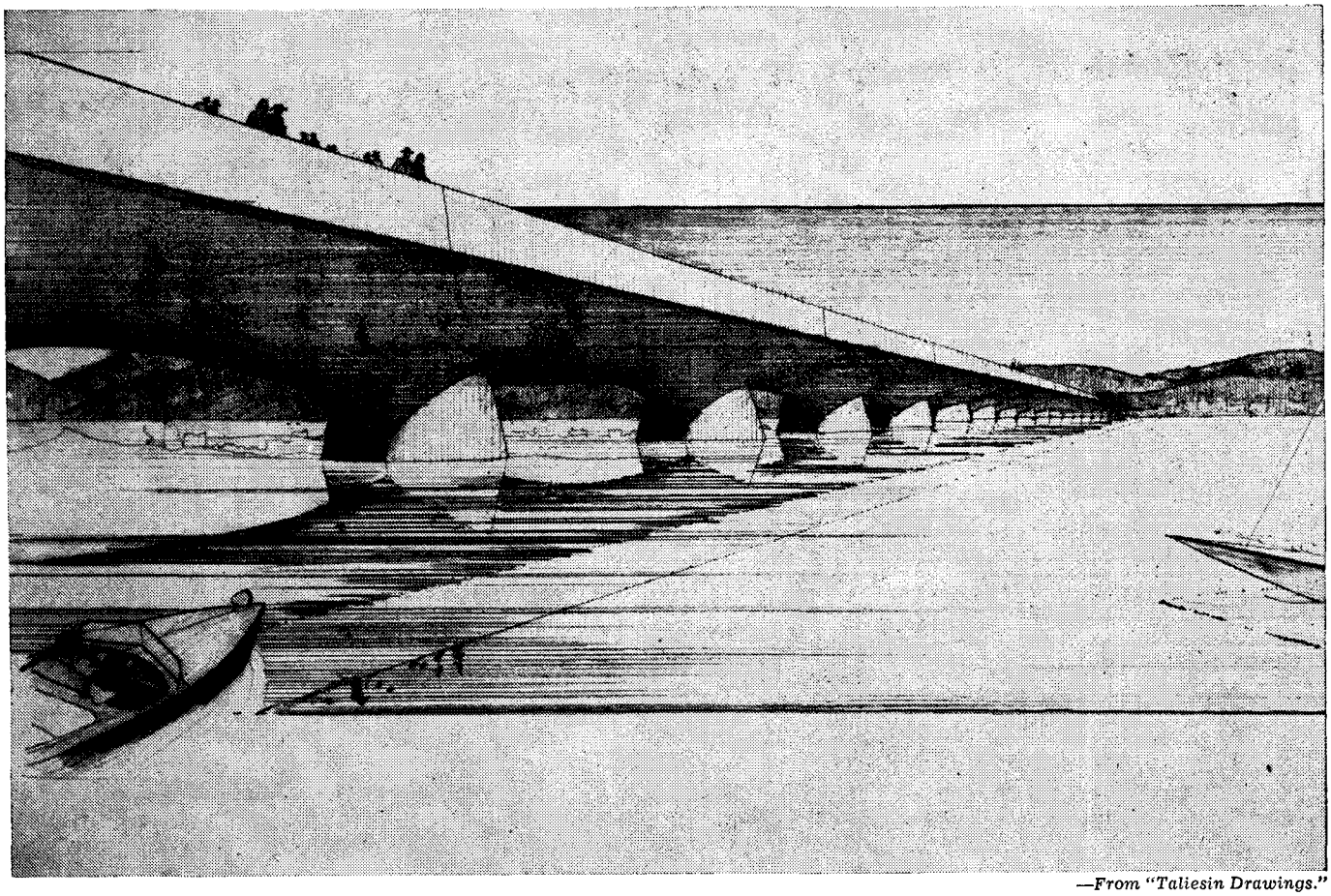

—*From "Taliesin Drawings."*

Detail perspective of a Frank Lloyd Wright bridge—" 'organic buildings are always *of* the land.' "

"Every time I see one of his plans, I feel we've been building with a worn and ancient bandage over our eyes."

AS a practical matter, I'm not quite so sure about the second half of Wright's dictum—"Organic buildings are . . . *for* the life lived in the building." He is a man of such bold and stunning temperament that he is bound to think of some clients' requirements in terms of his own predilections. But then, as one of these clients humbly pointed out, "the home-owner must expect to grow up to Wright's vision," and certainly most of these clients are among his most dedicated champions. And Wright has never lost sight of the human equation in relation to architecture, even if he has not always broken this equation down into particularized fractions. Of what other contemporary architect could the following passage by Mr. Kaufmann have been written: "A deeply sheltered house, with one great wing of a roof sweeping low to cover driveway and entrance. This theme in Wright's architecture is interwoven with lantern windows high at the ridge of the roof, which cast clear delineating light to mingle with the softening side light of low windows, and give a rich, full modeling to people and furnishings, rare in modern architecture." "Rare" indeed! When we remember the arbitrary, thoughtless fenestration of many contemporary buildings, the light pouring in from one side in flat, glaring sheets, we appreciate Wright's concern for the "modeling" capacity of natural light. And the great man must shudder to think that his own example has been responsible in part for much of the newer architecture now dotting the countryside—the so-called Ranch-house Style, which might be described as the cowboy's revenge for all the indignities he has suffered.

Most of the drawings reproduced in Mr. Kaufmann's book are for private residences. But included, too, are public projects that have never been carried out, notably for Pittsburgh Park, for a theatre at Hartford, Conn., and for a new bridge across San Francisco Bay. What are we thinking of in allowing such projects to remain in the drafting-board stage? We are not likely to have with us soon again a creative figure of Wright's magnitude, and every public structure he proposes should be put up, to the incredible enrichment of our visual heritage. Even so admirable a book as Mr. Kaufmann's is minor consolation for the unexecuted buildings that might by now be revered by the world.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Plumb & Clean

A DECADE OF NEW ARCHITECTURE. Edited by Siegfried Giedion. New York: Wittenborn, Schultz. 232 *pp.* $8.50.

By WILLIAM LESCAZE

I HAVE always thought that it would be wonderful to write well and simply about architecture. I wish there were more architectural critics like Lewis Mumford, J. M. Richards, and the late J. T. Whitaker. Practising architects can't do that kind of job. They are too involved personally, emotionally, and esthetically. The few who have tried it have resorted to a special and complicated, often mystical, language of their own. And I, for one, cannot see why a thing created simply in plastic terms—forms of architecture—could not be expressed as simply in verbal terms—language.

"A Decade of New Architecture" is a good book. I recommend it wholeheartedly. It contains a great number of illustrations, most of them of good modern architecture. The first forty-six pages are text, reprints of speeches or of proposals made at meetings of the Congrès Internationale d'Architecture Moderne, 90 per cent in

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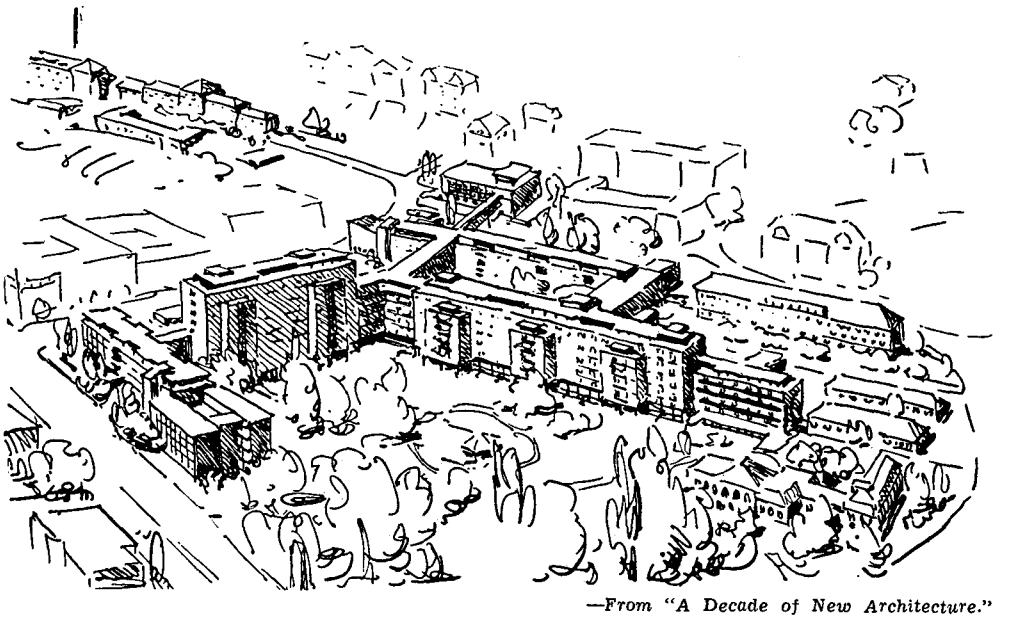
English, 10 per cent in French. Most of them are historically interesting, though solemn and perhaps pompous and, alas, often clumsily expressed.

The illustrations which comprise most of the remaining 186 pages are well organized into groups, such as: Equipment, Living, Working, Public Buildings, Exhibition Buildings, Education Buildings, Hospitals, Transport Buildings, and Town Planning. There are sometimes two or three photographs on a page. I wish the plans were larger and more readable. Buildings or projects in the USA, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, France, Italy, and other countries are illustrated, and most selections are excellent.



—*From "A Decade of New Architecture."*

Zurich Cantonal Clinic—"actually, labels don't matter."

My only quarrel with CIAM, if I were to have one, is that its leaders feel it's still necessary to fight for modern architecture. I don't. It's here. It's everywhere. Show me the housewife who doesn't want a "ranch-type" or "split-level" house. Actually no rational person any longer craves, in 1952, for a Gothic library on the campus of his alma mater.

The only fight we still have on our hands, and I admit it's a big one, is for good, as opposed to bad, modern architecture. I did not think, formerly, that one could do bad modern architecture, yet it's being done right now on a grand scale all around us, in Europe, as well as in the USA.

CIAM, a very loose and yet remarkable grouping of modern architects, was founded in 1928 in Switzerland at the invitation of a lay woman, the late Mme. Helène de Mandrot, who was interested in what was happening in the field of architecture and was generous enough to offer budding modern architects the hospitality of her country house for a memorable organizational meeting.

There is no doubt about it, CIAM's influence on the growth of modern architecture has been very good, very real. Inevitably, however, CIAM has been used as a propaganda device by some of its members. Inevitably, also, CIAM has been voicing mellifluous statements quite similar to those which the old academies it fought successfully used to voice, such as: "The esthetic of architecture and planning in three dimensions would be the theme of the seventh Congress, and a powerful statement of this principle was given pride of place in the Restatement of Aims that was drafted."

It seems to me that CIAM is missing the boat altogether on one issue: although it is still an international congress, it now calls the work of its members, "new architecture." It hopes "that the unfortunate and misleading designation of an International Style will now finally disappear." Why? Who is afraid? I remember the years when the words "international style" fell into disrepute here. All sorts of other labels had to be quickly invented — "contemporary," "functional," "organic," etc.

Actually, labels don't matter. The thing that counts is good architecture, serving the needs and expressing the ideals of our fellow men. What CIAM has been advocating for twenty-four years—and I am all for it—is really nothing else but a U.N. of architects, (members or delegates from twenty-three nations attended the last meeting, representing four continents: America, Europe, Asia, and Africa). And that, in my mind, stands for the making of good international architecture—which doesn't mean, as everybody should know by now, the same house in Africa as in England; temperaments, climate, available materials, and building methods are likely to remain for centuries different in Africa from those in England.

Personally, I was surprised not to find any strong and fighting words against the recent plague in our houses—the "board of design." I think the silly notion of "creation by committee" goes back to the League of Nations days. Certainly, I can design a building in collaboration with an associate, or with a partner or two. But to make the votes of a board of design the basis for esthetic or planning decisions, and to expect the result to be art, is as foolish as to ask Milhaud and Copland to write a symphony together.

Another myth which I would like to see CIAM demolish is the myth that the man who has been designing only hospitals for the last twenty years is the best man to get to design your new hospital. All right, if you want a repeat performance, but certainly not if you want vital architecture.

Two healthy signs of the growth of CIAM are evidenced in J. M. Richards's concern with the common man and in CIAM's recognition that the time has now come to bring about again a real integration of the arts—sculpture, painting, and architecture.

One more suggestion: Let CIAM really open its doors to young architects—this for CIAM's sake as much as for the younger men's sake.

This excellent book unfortunately fails to provide an answer to the question which has been asked in the four corners of the world: Are CIAM and Siegfried Giedion one and the same, or are they distinct entities? Future historians may be able to decide. In the meantime, I will risk my two cents on this: CIAM couldn't exist without Giedion. He is the one who breathes life into it and beguiles architects into doing something for it. More power to him!

William Lescaze, Swiss-born American architect, is the designer of the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society building in Philadelphia, the Longfellow Building in Washington, and the headquarters of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Los Angeles, as well as other buildings. He is the author of "On Being an Architect."

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The Tide at its Fullest

CLASSIC ART: The Great Masters of the Italian Renaissance. By Heinrich Wölfflin. Translated by Peter and Linda Murray. New York: Phaidon Publishers. 296 *pp.* $6.50.

By SERGE HUGHES

NOTHING would seem less useful or pertinent for those interested in art today than a work written some fifty years ago on five of the great painters of the cinquecento: Leonardo, Michelangelo, Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto. Fifty years ago the prevalent art criticism, such as that of Muntz, was busy applying to art the principal tenet of Positivism—that the study of the times, the environment, and the setting would adequately explain all cultural activity. That attempt was not altogether successful. There are always epigoni, but today the more vigorous and meaningful currents of art criticism have long since taken whatever good Positivism could offer and firmly abandoned its specious sociologizing-away of the depths and complexities of art.

Of what use, then, can a work like Heinrich Wölfflin's "Classic Art," written half a century ago but only now translated into English, be to us today? Enormous, since Wölfflin was one of the first to conceive of an art history different and superior to a sociological art history, and because truth is not an advantage of time, automatically insuring the latest as the wisest. There can be no avoiding it: without a knowledge of Wölfflin, the case against an exclusively sociological approach to art is bound to be weaker. Here art's weapons are arrayed.

In the same way that one of the founders of Positivism, Taine, betrays his essential incapacity for philosophical thought when confronted with the complexity of Descartes, on whom he wrote sustained, solid nonsense, so does the average socializing art historian betray himself when dealing with specific works of art, with the definite, tangible, circumscribed painting or sculpture. Taste is not his forte, and he is not one to be distracted by it when composing his art history. He will explain anything except why one work is bad, the other good, and another superb. If questioned, there is always at hand the erudite Latin phrase about taste being quite a problem.

Wölfflin says this work is good, this is bad, that is superb. He has the intelligence and perceptiveness to judge, and he is never more convincing and forceful than when he is discussing a particular artist or work: his discussion of Raphael is a model of criticism. The arrangement of volumes, the folds of drapery, the curves of a shoulder or eyebrows, the use of verticals and horizontals, chiaroscuro, triangular compositions—every inch of the canvas is dissected and scrutinized so that the reader whose concentration allows him to follow will feel for once and for all how blunted his vision is, how little he sees, how unresponsive is his vision. If Wölfflin's book stopped at this point, it would be enough to make his criticism memorable. If he could refreshen our eyes, jaded and dulled by the last fifty years of reproductions of all kinds that keep us farther and farther away from the originals and the ability to judge them, that would be justification enough to republish his work. And how reassuring it is to see that works of art can be so dissected, piece by piece, analyzed to the minutest part; and that instead of causing the work of art to break away in fragments, such analysis serves to make the final synthesis all the more penetrating!

But there is in Wölfflin more than a sane and exquisite sensitivity which masterfully interprets pictorial problems unsuspected by those who more safely deal with art in panoramic fashion. There is also an interpretation and defense of the art of the High Renaissance, that is basically as interesting and as valid now as when it first appeared. At the turn of the century there was enough left of the Pre-Raphaelite vision of painting; William Morris and John Ruskin made it perfectly clear where sin and corruption lay. The High Renaissance stood accused and convicted of paganism, immorality, and irrespectability. If it evaded those charges, it was convicted of being stiff, hollow, and cold. Wölfflin was one of the first to point out that in the grand style of the cinquecento, the aristocratic qualities of restraint, dignity, and detachment would rapidly lose their attraction and meaning for those who could not appreciate the perilous, tenuous balance which they embodied, and embodied so fleetingly not more than twenty years. Burckhardt's powers of historical sympathy were not wasted upon his successor.

Extraordinary as were Wölfflin's gifts for formal analysis, and as accurate as was his feeling for a bond that united periods in history as well as schools in art, he never remained satisfied with simple characterizations of the style of a period. As the conclusion of this volume shows, he was on his way to discover a scheme, a development which would account for

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the changes in style from the quattrocento to the cinquecento. He was looking for an inner law.

The changes he considered essential and operating according to some unanalyzed inner law he set forth in "The Principles of Art History," a logical and indispensable complement to this work. This theoretical part of Wölfflin's art criticism has received more criticism than the rest of his work. As late as the 1920's in Europe it was still a subject of strong argument among philosophers, art critics, and esthetic-ians. Referring to that problem in his introduction to the present volume, Herbert Read makes the confusion worse confounded by referring to C. J. Jung as the person who can explain the basis of these changes. Nonsense!

How many works conceived fifty years ago contained so much that would live and so little that would be discarded? It is almost picayune to point out a defect. This is a masterpiece.

Next to the Skin

WHAT PEOPLE WORE: A Visual History of Dress from Ancient Times to Twentieth-Century America. By Douglas Gorsline. New York: The Viking Press. 266 *pp.* $7.50.

By MILLIA DAVENPORT

MR. GORSLINE offers 1,800 line drawings—twelve touched with color—that survey the history of dress. But it is his section on American costume, a third of the book, that is most notable, for his research consolidates much fresh, useful material, gleaned largely from photographs. No other book offers so many pioneers from 1845 on: sod-house dwellers, frontier marshals, feuding clansmen, lumberjacks, miners, and cowboys, as well as Eastern American dress to 1925.

Brief commentaries and historical surveys accompany the many subdivisions. Excellent bibliographies fill nine double-column pages. Anyone doing research on costume or Americana in New York City will be in Mr. Gorsline's debt, for he has given every volume its call number at either the Metropolitan Museum or New York Public Libraries. A key leads to the source of each illustration.

So far, excellent.

Mr. Gorsline's introduction offers the standard reasons for his use of drawings instead of photographs: for clarity and detail, and to avoid the distraction of background material. He has tried, he says, to suggest the mannerisms of the times, and he assumes the responsibility for accuracy.

Two test pieces will show how well Mr. Gorsline has succeeded: a French lady in late seventeenth-century déshabille and a Swiss soldier of the sixteenth century. Two such ladies appear at the top of page 91, drawn after engravings (by Valk and Bonnart) in the Metropolitan Museum Print Collection. In the middle of page 91 is a man in slashed garments.

I have long believed, and now I swear: people who draw costume plates for the reasons Mr. Gorsline cities suffer from some impediment of vision, physical or psychic. Those who worry about the confusing effect of backgrounds do so for good reason. Their own powers of analysis and organization (what to put in, what to leave out, what to accent) are not supported by enough knowledge of dressmaking, tailoring, millinery, and the behavior of materials, or of the old stresses and new strains (decorated with scraps of accident and personal fantasy) which form garments.

The Bonnart and Valk engravings have no backgrounds to confuse or inform. Their sharp statements are repeated throughout the enormous richness of late seventeenth-century plates; from these, Mr. Gorsline made two choices. The female torso grew longer throughout Louis XIV's reign; by the 1680's, it reached the ultimate of slender length which can be imposed by any means, physical or visual. If Mr. Gorsline had exaggerated this characteristic, he might have been excused; he cannot be forgiven for metamorphosing these long Louis XIV ladies into a bouncing Louis XVI shepherdess and a bustled female of the 1870-80's. He wads their skirts up, instead of drawing them lightly back; he makes the hemline of Valk's lady a dressmaker's nightmare. His vision tends to "see" things as squatty and squashy. His ladies are to their originals as, say, Yogi Berra to Louis Calhern.

Mr. Gorsline's version of Holbein's wary, wiry old professional soldier looks like a button-tufted Victorian chair seat. He worked straight from the "Klassiker der Kunst" reproduction of "The Standard Bearer of the Vallée d'Ursuren." Comparison with a small half-tone proves that, through additions, deletions, and misunderstandings, Mr. Gorsline has somehow managed to get not one thing right.

The equivalent of a Ph.D. thesis would be needed for full proof. I have room here to cite evidence from only a single slashed pattern as it appears in two locations. Mr. Gorsline repeats a wide diagonal cut across the breast seven times, as against Holbein's four, and carries it to the underarm seam; on the right leg, he contributes a cut across the inside of the thigh. Now, slitting was a showy method of decoration, but it so weakened the fabric, that at points like the underarm and inner thigh, where the garment would soon deteriorate into shreds through friction, it was customarily allowed to die out, just as Holbein shows.

Such elaborately slashed mercenaries swaggered all over Europe. Perhaps we all have one among our ancestors. After four hundred years, we can scarcely know and we are certainly out of touch. We had better get what information we can firsthand from Beham, Cranach, and Holbein.

But as Americans, we do have a frame of reference. I think this should enable us to make good use of Mr. Gorsline's American section, much as I would have preferred the original photographs and drawings.

Millia Davenport is the author of "Costume Through the Ages" and "The Book of Costume."

Art Book Notes

BEHIND THE SHOP WINDOWS: In the art of fenestration (as Christopher Morley so elegantly dubbed the profession of window display) Lester Gaba is tops. His mannequins have won him uncontested fame. The story of his evolution from soap sculpture to king of mannequin designers is a fabulous one. His book, **"The Art of Window Display"** (Studio-Crowell, $5), tells the story of the transformation of what was but a menial practice by the humblest

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member on the staff of any store into an art that commands top executive salaries by the creators of show windows for specialty shops and department stores.

Mr. Gaba has a predilection for displays that feature mannequins, and in his treatment of windows he, of course, accentuates fashion. However, in his book he does not neglect the other phases of what in the light of modern merchandising methods has become nothing short of a profession.

Mr. Gaba, never didactic, develops his theory of window display in a text that is as fascinating as it is helpful. It were to be wished that the illustrations did as much. Though the examples chosen are revealing and to the point, not so much, alas, can be said of their reproduction. In a beautifully designed book it is to be regretted that more attention has not been paid to this. This, however, is my only adverse criticism.

The author's advice to display men is pithy and pungent in an almost playful way. His chapter on the "because" of successful windows for different merchandise is an excellent study course for would-be display men. His answers to questions of display of the most varied merchandise are extremely valuable. But even for those who do not intend to make a career out of display it is a fascinating insight into a world filled with glamour and glitter and a glimpse into the never-never land of a display man's dream,—withal practical and pointing a way for people with an artistic sense, imagination, and enthusiasm.

—ALFRED A. VAN DUYM.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 96

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

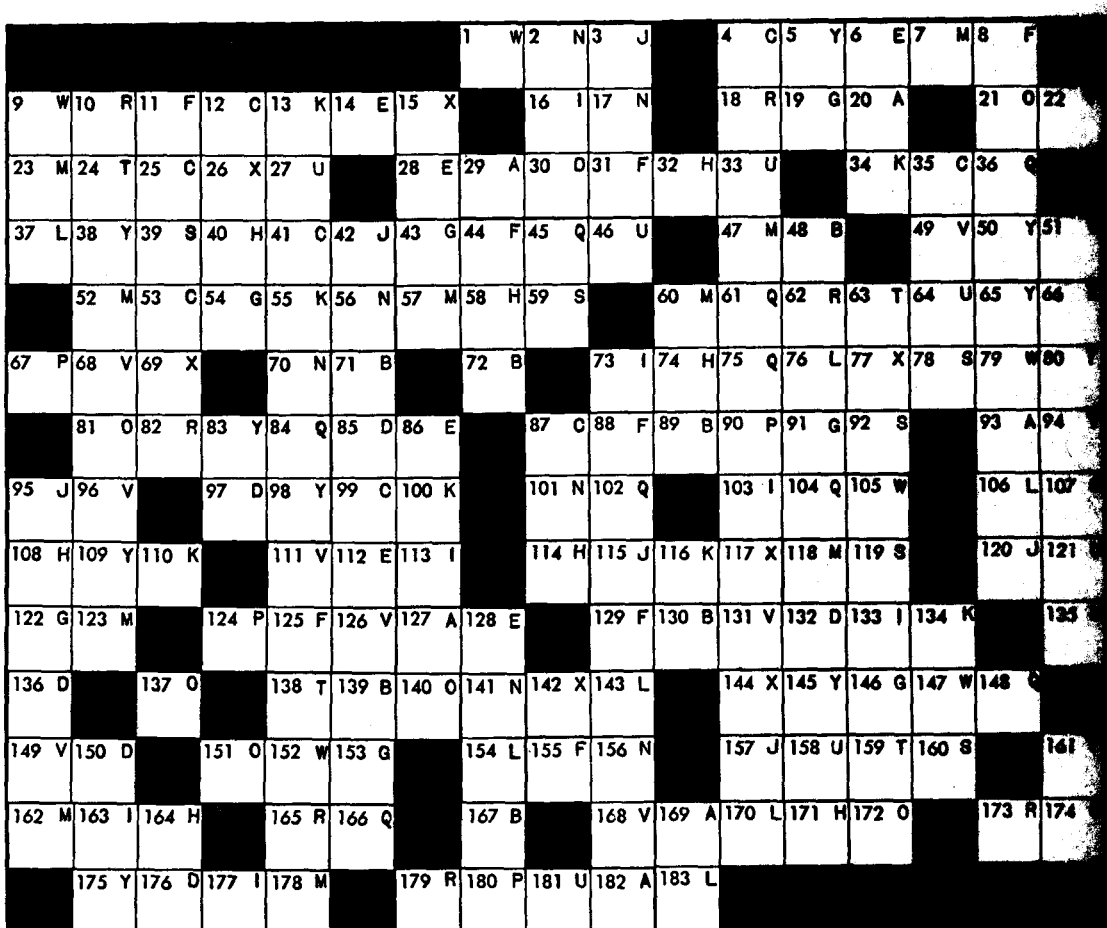
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American stained-glass artist (1867-1921; west window in graduate school, Princeton, etc.)	93 169 127 182 20 29
B. Partial; equivocal.	130 72 139 71 89 167 48
C. Arouses.	35 99 53 4 25 41 12 87
D. First Negro invited to a major league baseball position.	30 136 97 10 132 150 176 85
E. Dukedoms.	128 6 14 112 66 86 28
F. To apportion.	88 8 11 125 129 155 44 31
G. Pertaining to the apostle who was a collector of customs (Bib. source, var. sp.).	146 43 122 107 19 153 54 91
H. Approached.	74 40 171 108 114 58 32 164
I. Mended, as a harness, in makeshift fashion, with pieces of rope, etc.	103 16 73 133 163 113 177
J. A man of fashion; a forelock.	115 95 42 120 3 157
K. A thin sheeplike part of the body having an insufficient or concave or faulty arch, as found sometimes in horses and dogs (comp.).	110 34 134 13 116 55 100
L. Rests in confidence.	143 183 37 76 106 170 154
M. Nickname for Massachusetts (3 wds.).	162 23 118 47 7 178 52 135 57 123 60

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Former name, town in S. central China on the Yangtze near Chungking.	17 70 141 56 2 101 156
O. Pitted (anat. and bot.)	174 140 21 172 137 151 81
P. State admitted to the Union Dec. 28, 1846.	90 67 124 180
Q. The thresher sharks.	102 148 61 166 84 36 104 45 75
R. English clockmaker, known as the "father of English watchmaking" (1639-1713).	18 173 179 62 10 165 82
S. Coupling; joining; linking.	119 59 160 78 39 92
T. *Incites with shouts.*	161 159 24 63 94 80 138
U. Disclosed or revealed (2 wds.; poetic).	158 181 27 46 64 121 33
V. *To set upon (4 wds.).*	126 168 131 68 96 149 49 22 111
W. King of England, 1135-54.	9 1 105 147 152 51 79
X. Young members of the family Falconidae.	15 117 26 77 142 144 69
Y. State flower of Nevada.	5 98 83 145 175 109 38 65 50

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the corresponding numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue

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- Matador—Barnaby Conrad ..... ☐
- The Sea Around Us—Rachel L. Carson... ☐
- The Houses in Between—Howard Spring. ☐
- Beyond the High Himalayas —Wm. O. Douglas.. ☐
- The Cruel Sea—Nicholas Monsarrat.... ☐
- Gods, Graves and Scholars—C. W. Ceram ☐
- Catherine Carter—Pamela H. Johnson... ☐
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- From Here to Eternity—James Jones..... ☐
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- The Mature Mind—H. A. Overstreet.... ☐

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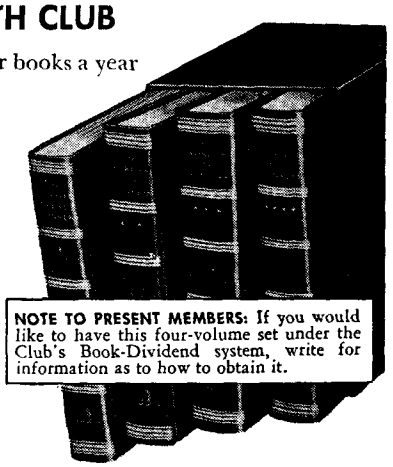

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